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FLORIAN

1807

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THE  
FLORAL YEAR,

EMBELLISHED WITH

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS,

DRAWN AND COLORED

FROM NATURE.

EACH FLOWER ILLUSTRATED WITH A POEM.

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BY MRS. ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

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BOSTON:  
BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY AND CO.

NO. 29 CORNHILL.

1848.



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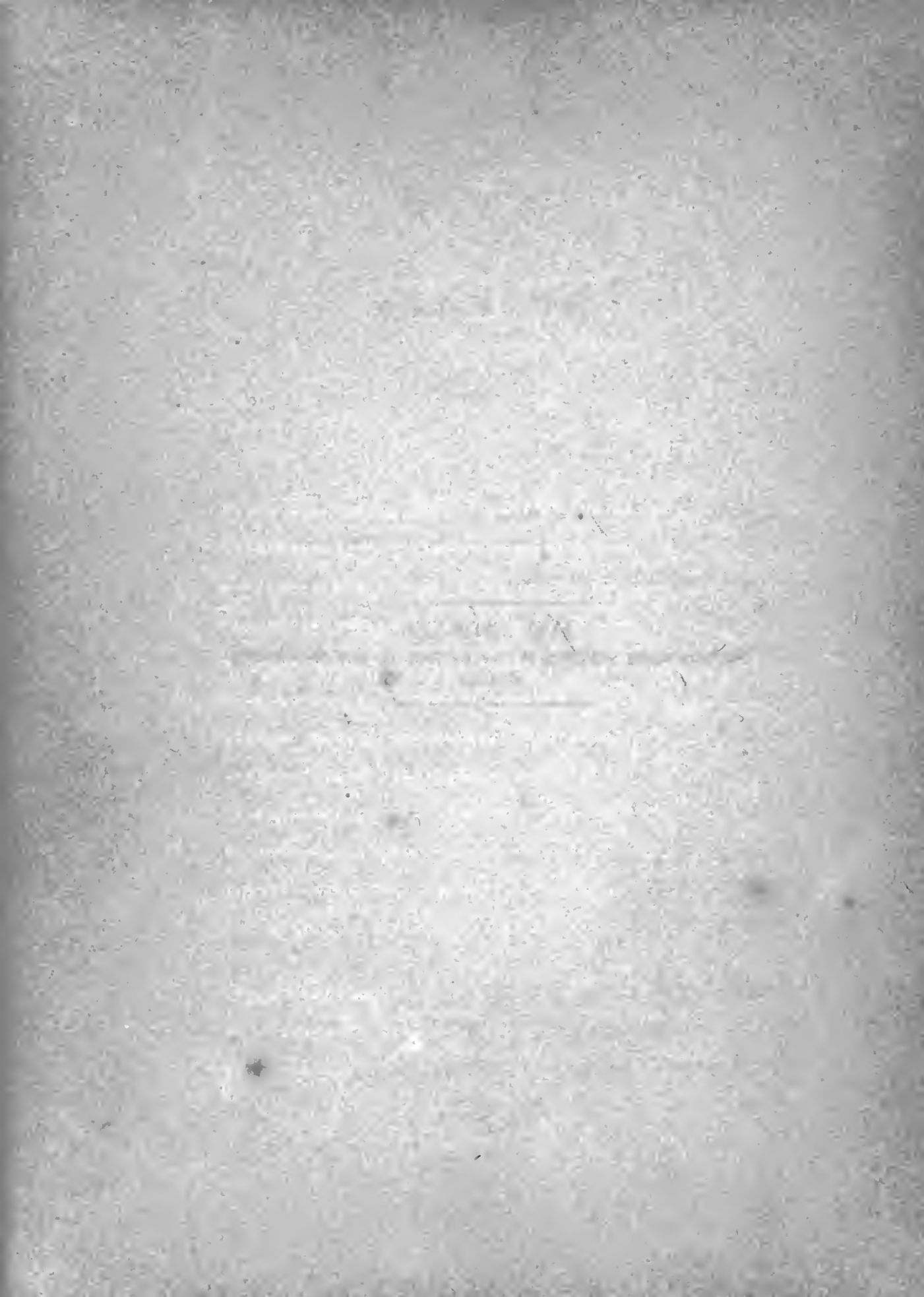
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FOR INDEXES

TO THIS WORK REFERENCE MAY BE HAD TO THE END OF THE  
VOLUME.

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TO DOCTOR THEODORE D. ELLIOTT,  
OF GLEN-MARY, MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR SIR,

Your beautiful parting gift, with the kind allusion to my tastes that accompanied it, has suggested to me the propriety of inscribing to you this little volume. Wholly without pretension, it presents few claims to your notice; but your love, both of Poetry and Flowers, may induce you to peruse, with the indulgence of a friend, their somewhat new combination in these pages. I have made no elaborate effort to compile a Floral Dictionary; I have not even alluded to the Botanical names of the Flowers, and, as to their classification, according to the Linnean, or other systems, I have most carefully avoided it. My object has simply been to gather a Bouquet for every month in the year, of those flowers which were most common and familiar to every one; and adopting from some one of the various Floral Lexicons, the sentiments ascribed to them, to illustrate each by an original poem. Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Wirt, and Mrs. Osgood,

with many others, have written so much and so well upon the subject, that nothing could have induced me to attempt a work of this kind, but the determination to have it wholly original, borrowing nothing but the sentiment, and illustrating that according to my own ideas. Each month opens with a poem containing the entire Bouquet; then, each flower has its particular poem, and each poem its own peculiar train of thought.

I love flowers! They have been the friends and companions of my whole life. I owe to their gentle influences much that has soothed and brightened the hours of an unusually monotonous existence; and so tranquilizing and refining have I ever found their power, that I never see another engaged in their cultivation that I do not feel attracted towards her, and experience an innate conviction that she is pure in her tastes, and amiable in her disposition.

The window that is garlanded with flowers, always speaks to me of the bright eyes that have been peeping through them, and the rosy lips which have breathed over their expanding beauties. A garden, a flower garden cultivated by a woman! Who does not understand the feelings it awakens — the associations it creates — and the reminiscences it recalls? Since the time that Eve walked among the flowers of Eden, ‘herself the fairest of them all,’ what woman ever looked half so captivating as when arrayed, in some degree, in their appropriate loveliness? Flowers, too, are the symbols in which

we look for the virtues and graces of woman. The aspen shows her shrinking modesty ; the vine is illustrative of her clinging constancy, and tendency to lean on those she loves ; the lily, the violet, the rose, are all emblematic of her peculiar attributes. Spring, Summer, Autumn, have each their respective tributes to bestow, but few things inspire more cheerful feelings than upon entering a comfortable sitting room on a Winter's morning, to see the bright green leaves, and brilliant blossoms of some rare exotic, glowing in all the freshness of their summer glory. Flowers give such an assurance of welcome, speaking, as they do, so unequivocally of kindness, and care, and hospitality ; they tell us of gentle hands which have tended them, fond glances which have watched them, and sweet voices which have whispered thoughts from the inmost fountains of the soul to their holy keeping. We know that there are pure and deep affections where the love of flowers dwells ; we feel that fancy and taste have an influence there, and that hope and gladness consecrate the spot. I am apt to moralize sometimes, and seek for traits of character where few would expect to discover them ; hence, when I see flowers blooming so cheerfully within doors, and hear the storm whistling without, I know that the cold which has made me shiver would soon wither and destroy those fragile offerings of Nature, and am led to the reflection, that their feebleness and dependence have touched some tender chord in the sympathising heart of woman, and awakened that

propensity to cherish and to love, so instinctively excited in her bosom by the weak or suffering. I learn, thence, how natural it becomes for such a being to soothe the careworn, and console the disappointed man ; and I see how truly she may become a helpmate in his hour of trial ; and I know that his kindness and his love should reward her efforts, even as the Winter flowers bloom in grateful homage to her care.

Our fair countrywomen would do well to cultivate more generally these mute companions in their social sitting-rooms. They lend a charm to the dreary Winter hours, by calling up pleasant fancies of spring-time and promise ; they bring sweet associations to the memory, and touch the softest notes that vibrate in the heart, creating sentiments of hope, and love, and gratitude.

I have woven a hundred poems into this little design, embracing, of course, but few of the children of Flora, still there are enough to form a Bouquet for each month, which may be obtained at a moment's notice in almost any part of our country.

The occupation has been to me one of much interest, and although

I seldom care if strangers praise  
 My lute's unbidden song,  
 Its simplest and its proudest lays  
 To those I love belong.

Still thy approval, like a breath,  
 From the sweet South has come,  
 Whose magic touch an influence hath,  
 Waking the spells of home;

These place thee from the crowd — apart,  
 With those to whom I sing,  
 In the warm gushings of my heart  
 Such strains as here I bring!

Very sincerely your's,

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

*August 30, 1846. }*  
*Saint Louis, Mo. }*



# THE FIFTH YEAR

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# THE FLORAL YEAR.

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## BOUQUET No. 1.

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BOUQUET FOR JANUARY, COMPOSED OF THE DEW-PLANT — THE ACACIA — THE  
STOCK GILLY — AND THE EVERGREEN THORN.

SIGNIFICATIONS: — *A Serenade — Platonic Love — Always the same — and Solace in Sorrow.*

---

To welcome in the opening year  
I'll cull a Bouquet fresh and rare,  
To twine amid the glossy hair,  
Of her I deem most sweet and fair!

The garden yields few charms to-day,  
But these shall each its homage pay,  
And to her gentle heart convey  
The thoughts that o'er my mind hold sway.

And here, close nestling to my hand,  
Behold the humble *Dew-plant* stand,  
Waiting to bear my first command,  
Like messenger from Fairy Land!

Then whisper to the beauteous maid  
Of Music's charms, whose power to aid  
My suit, this night shall be essayed,  
In Love's first anxious 'Serenade.'

*Acacia!* mid thy fragrant bells  
'Platonic Love' would weave his spells;  
Then bear them where my fair one dwells.  
His first wish thus affection tells.

And thou, *Stock Gilly!* 'still the same,'  
Seeking nor change, nor show, nor fame,  
Might'st put full many a friend to shame,  
Go — with my blessing on thy name!

And thou — that when the heart is torn,  
And Sorrow's seal the brow hath worn,  
Would'st bid the sufferer cease to mourn,  
Art welcome too, thou bright green *Thorn*!

For still thy silent teachings prove,  
Like lessons from the courts above,  
Bidding the anguished spirit rove  
From earth-born care to Heavenly love.

And thus a Bouquet fresh and rare  
I've twined to greet the opening year;  
And place my flowers amid the hair,  
Of her I deem most sweet and fair.

DEW-PLANT. — '*A Serenade.*'

There are few hearts which have never felt the soothing influence of Music; and often has the midnight serenade brought repose to the unquiet pillow.

OH! when the heart is filled with care,  
And thoughts of gloom arise;  
And still unbidden springs the tear,  
To dim the tell-tale eyes;  
How sweetly does the magic power,  
Of Music soothe the soul;  
Exerting o'er the darkest hour,  
Its pure but strong control!

Or, when 'mid festive scenes we move,  
And Pleasure's sway we own,  
And all we hope — and all we love,  
Are breathed in look and tone;



How surely then does music fling  
Her charm upon the heart;  
And all its better feelings bring,  
To bless the Minstrel's art!

Then Minstrel of the sweet Guitar!  
To whom the spell is given,  
Which guides us, like 'the pure, bright star,'  
From earthly thoughts to Heaven;  
Let one true heart its thanks confess,  
For many a pleasure strong,  
And own its cares have oft seemed less,  
While listening to thy song.

ACACIA. — '*Platonic Love.*'

A refined sentiment existing between persons of opposite sexes —  
too tender for friendship, and too *spirituelle* for affection.

THERE is a love that liveth  
From passion's dross apart;  
And many an hour it giveth  
Of gladness to the heart.

There is a dream that cometh,  
At morn — at noon — at even —  
And 'mid its wild flowers bloometh  
One bud of hope and Heaven!

Radiant as Fancy's gleam,  
But ever free from sin;  
That Love — that hope — that dream —  
Still glow my heart within.

STOCK-GILLY FLOWER. — '*Always the Same.*'

There is something grateful to one's feelings in the sentiment ascribed to this simple flower, that always renders it the favorite in a bouquet.

I CHANGE NOT, I change not, no gay bird am I,  
To warble all summer beneath a bright sky;  
Then fly off when Autumn her chill breezes brings,  
To darken my plumage, and ruffle my wings.

I change not, I change not, no light heart is mine,  
To put forth its tendrils, a soft pliant vine,  
Which clings to each object alike that is near,  
Embracing all friendships as equally dear.

I change not, I change not, but once having sung,  
To the same ear I warble, the note still the same;  
While my heart, like the Ivy, where once it hath clung,  
Still clings on through sorrow, misfortune, or shame.

EVERGREEN THORN. — ‘*Solace in Sorrow.*

When sorrow has touched us, the mind seeks for consolation in the glorious revelations of Nature, and combining the objects which surround us, or dwelling upon each one that separately presents itself, reflects, speculates, and deduces, until, rising to the Great Source of all, it finds repose in the convictions of a better world.

THE setting sun with golden rays,  
 Has tinged the western sky;  
 And floating clouds around him blaze,  
 In gorgeous pageantry;  
 While loveliness not wont to gleam,  
 Beneath his warm meridian beam,  
 But such as in *a Claude* it meets,  
 The muses' eye now sweetly greets.

Yet in the vale dark shadows rest,  
 And throng the mountain high;  
 While on the water's tranquil breast,  
 Appears the pictured sky;

So dream-like the reflection thrown,  
That feelings of a deeper tone,  
As on the scene we gaze, will start,  
Wildly tumultuous to the heart.

In freshness steeped, the balm-fraught breeze,  
Sweeps o'er the closing flowers;  
And swells like music through the trees,  
Sighing of by-gone hours;  
E'en in its fragrance there's a spell,  
The soul must own, but cannot tell,  
And in its murmurs soft and bland,  
Seem whispers from the spirit-land.

The laden bee, and chirping bird,  
Now flitting to repose,  
With buzzing insects, ever heard  
At evening's dewy close —

Have all an influence sad, but sweet,  
Where'er the gentler feelings meet,  
Or Fancy wild her wreaths has twined,  
Or Hope was e'er an idol shrined.

And now, behold! The glorious sun,  
The mountain, wave, and vale,  
And bright clouds which our worship won,  
Are lost, or fading — pale.  
The heavens in rosy light no more,  
Smile fondly now the landscape o'er,  
And on the sudden change we gaze,  
Till thought reverts to childhood's days.

Another change — Lo! peering from  
The dark, still vault above,  
One little star has brightly come,  
Like hope — or peace — or love —



And gently calls the wanderer back,  
From brooding memory's darkened track,  
And leads, with mild, unerring ray,  
To future scenes of endless day.

Emblem of life ! 't is thus in youth,  
Fair visions charm the mind,  
While manhood feels the hacknied truth,  
'They vary as the wind ;' —  
Like sunset splendours when they fade,  
All things seem sinking into shade,  
Till Wisdom's lights around us play,  
And chase desponding thoughts away.

She leads the mind to sterner things,  
To Duty's starlit way,  
And o'er realities she flings  
Truth's full, unchanging ray ; —

Dark feelings change — a calm steals o'er  
The ardent soul unknown before,  
While every hope, and impulse flies,  
To realms of peace beyond the skies.





## BOUQUET No. 2.

---

BOUQUET FOR FEBRUARY, COMPOSED OF THE CAMELLIA JAPONICA — ARBOR-VITÆ — LAURISTINUS — AND AMERICAN COWSLIP.

SIGNIFICATIONS: — *My Destiny is in your hands — Live for me — I die if neglected — You are my divinity.*

---

Few are the Flowers by Nature given,  
 This early month to bless;  
 But those she sends, like boons from Heaven,  
 Excel in loveliness!

The fair *Camellia* lifts its head,  
 In modest grace arrayed;  
 While the soft perfume round it shed  
 Forewarns the gentle maid,  
 That he who gives it to her care,  
 And close beside her stands,  
 Would softly whisper in her ear,  
 'My fate is in thy hands!'

The *Arborvitæ* next is seen,  
 In contrast with the flower,  
 Dressed in its robe of evergreen,  
 The pride of Winter's bower ;  
 It, too, a message may impart,  
 And speak in accents free,  
 The thought that swells that maiden's heart,  
 ' Ah, you must live for me !'

The *Lauristinus* then appears ;  
 Its clustering blossoms bend,  
 As if, to hide their rising tears,  
 It sought some tender friend,  
 Upon whose breast to bloom, and lie  
 Protected in its charms,  
 For 'if neglected it will die'  
 Amidst its own alarms.

The hardy *Cowslip* gaily springs,  
 Its fostering vase above,  
 And sings aloud the note it brings  
 From Flora's courts of Love ;



‘My fair divinity thou art,’

My dream by day — by night, —  
Thine image dwelleth in my heart,  
Secure from change or blight.

And thus, though few the flowers I find

This early month to bless,  
When in a Bouquet once combined,  
All must their charms confess.

CAMELLIA JAPONICA. — ‘*My Destiny is in your hands.*’

It is a fearful thing to love! to give up one's whole existence,  
and to place the responsibilities of one's being in the keeping of  
another.

At Beauty's shrine I ne'er have knelt,  
With offerings lightly made;  
Nor yet the charms of mind have felt,  
Which lasts when others fade.

At Fashion's throne I ne'er have bowed,  
Nor yet at Youth's gay altar;  
No everlasting faith have vowed,  
With love that could not falter.

But now, with heart still fresh and pure,  
I wait *thy* sweet commands,  
My destiny for evermore  
Rests, lady! in thy hands.

ARBORVITÆ. — '*Live for me.*'

Barry Cornwall defines Love to be 'an offering of the whole heart, a sacrifice of all that poor life hath.' It is but natural, therefore, when relinquishing so much, that the Heart should be equally exacting in its requirements.

Be mine, and mine only, nor hope to divide,  
 The devotion I prize with one being beside;  
 Like the lights on an altar your friendship may burn,  
 Diffusing its beams and inviting return;  
 But the pure flame of Love like a lamp should be  
     hung,

Whose light on the shrine of an idol is flung,  
 Still tinging with lusture and hues of its own,  
 Each offering affection around it has thrown.

Be mine, and mine only, nor cherish the dream,  
 That true love o'er many in fervor can beam,  
 Like the sun which at noonday its radiance sheds  
     round,  
 Till each object it strikes with a glory is crowned;

No ! Friendship indeed may in tenderness fall,  
Like the silvery rays of the moon upon all,  
While unlike her pale beauty it still leaves behind,  
Some hue in the heart, and some mark in the  
mind.

But mine, and mine only, that feeling must be,  
Which calls itself *Love*, and is offered to me ;  
Like a star in the east, I must see it arise,  
And steadily climb to its place in the skies ;  
My dream and my idol, by night and by day,  
With no gleam falling off in its proud upward way ;  
Receiving the homage of beauty and worth,  
But casting no answering warmth back to earth.

LAURISTINUS. — '*I die if neglected.*'

This sentiment seems peculiarly applicable to the sensitive affections of woman.

THIS shrub, with soft euphonious name,  
Which from Iberia's bright land came,  
Will flourish in a clime like ours,  
Still redolent with pure white flowers;  
Blooming each season of the year,  
If tended gently and with care;  
But dies if long unheeded left,  
Of kindness and regard bereft. —  
Apt emblem of affection's power  
O'er woman's heart, art thou, sweet flower!  
For she, like thee, will droop and die  
If scorned, or passed neglected by;  
Or like thee yield, her charms to bless,  
The care that wins her tenderness.

AMERICAN COWSLIP. — ‘*You are my Divinity.*’

Every bosom cherishes an ideal excellence, which it worships  
Mine may be found in the following: —

#### THE SOUL'S IDEAL.

*Thou* art my soul's ideal! pure and bright,  
And filled with every excellence. *Thou* seem'st  
A tangible embodiment of light,  
And from the Eternal-uncreated, gleam'st  
In softened lustre, — animate, — refined, —  
The visible Divinity of *Mind*.

Essential beauty! with the morn's first ray,  
*Thou* beam'st upon me from the Orient blest,  
Guiding my spirit with resistless sway,  
Till gathering shadows darken in the west;  
Then bursting forth more brilliant from afar,  
I own thine influence in some idol-star!



Goodness, and Purity, and Truth are thine,  
 Mingling thy presence with whate'er I see,  
 In which their abstract principles combine  
 To win devotion while they symbol Thee;  
 Type of each Virtue which to man has given  
 Trust in his kind, and fervent faith in Heaven.

Vision of Girlhood! Idol of the dreams,  
 Which still through life have softened every care,  
 Whose hallowing sweetness, ever near me seems  
 To add fresh charms to all that's bright and fair, —  
 A richer perfume to the fragrant rose,  
 And tints more glorious where the iris glows.

In the still hours of darkness thou hast come,  
 A spirit-visitant to soothe and bless,  
 Calling the 'wilderer wanderer gently home,  
 And quelling suffering with thy soft caress;  
 Till in my sleep thy mystic charm I've felt,  
 And in my dreams in worship wild have knelt.

Shrined on the Spirit's altar ! Oh, reveal  
The spell, *Zanoni-like*, thy power hath thrown,  
Over my very soul, — whose high Ideal  
In thee alone it ever yet hath known ;  
Emblem of Beauty ! eidolon of Good !  
Believed, — adored, — but dimly understood !





## BOUQUET No. 3.

---

BOUQUET FOR MARCH, COMPOSED OF THE SNOWDROP—MIGNONETTE—DOG-  
WOOD—TULIP TREE—TULIP FLOWER—WHITE JONQUIL—  
AND FORGET ME NOT.

SIGNIFICATIONS:— *Simplicity—Your qualities surpass your charms—Love undiminished by  
absence—Rural Happiness—Declaration of Love—Devotion—  
My name is a spell.*

---

LOUDLY now the March wind blowing,  
Heralds in the genial Spring;  
Gracious promises bestowing,  
As its blasts around us ring;—  
Hark! it tells of early flowers,  
Let us seek the gay parterre,  
For already seem the bowers,  
Filled with balmy blossoms fair.

Here a *Snowdrop* trembles forth,  
In beauty, just above the ground,  
'Simplicity,' that gem of worth,  
In its bosom may be found!

Like rich jewels we should set,  
 'Qualities surpassing charms,'  
 And the fragrant *Mignonette*,  
 By this spell our bosom warms!

Star-like, see the *Dogwood* shine,  
 In the distance pure and bright,  
 It tells of 'Love as strong as mine,  
 Which absence dares not change or blight.'  
 And observe this *Jonquil* sweet,  
 Exciting many a deep emotion,  
 While its rising odors greet  
 The soul with incense-like 'Devotion.'

Here, too, mark the *Tulip Tree*,  
 'Rural Happiness its theme,  
 While the *Tulip Flower* should be  
 By its side, 'Love's early dream;'  
 Or 'A Declaration' style it,  
 Filled with visions gay and sweet;  
 Ah, then, wherefore, to defile it,  
 Should it with Experience meet?



But onward to yon sunny spot,  
Some treasure there must surely dwell!  
And see, the blue *Forget-me-not*,  
‘ Whose very name is deemed a spell!’  
Here then pause! our walk is ended,  
Its memory now alone is ours,  
But its charm may be extended  
Through our bright Bouquet of flowers.

SNOWDROP. — '*Simplicity.*'

Pure as an infant, ere life has given a tint to its character, is the modest Snowdrop. It is the first flower that lifts its head when the frosts depart, and its simple confidence seems proverbial.

A MODEST SNOWDROP! Emblem pure, that tells  
The sweet simplicity in youth that dwells.

---

MIGNONETTE. — '*Your qualities surpass your charms.*'

There are few persons who would not prefer the homage offered to their qualities of mind and heart, to that which is elicited by the fading charms of personal loveliness.

LADY! accept this gift of modest hue,  
Which in its loveliness resembles you;  
A fitting emblem of your graceful mind,  
Your manners gentle, and your soul refined;  
For as you view it, seems it not to say,  
'Though we shall perish you will ne'er decay,

But in unfading beauty will appear  
 A fragrant blossom in a higher sphere?  
 Receive it, therefore, as the homage due,  
 To worth and virtue as revealed in you.

---

DOGWOOD. — '*Love undiminished by Absence.*'

I have seen it recorded as a custom of 'the martyr Queen of Scots,' to 'send messages through the clouds, the stars, and the evening breeze, to her friends in France,' associating them in her thoughts with every thing pure and bright. What a touching evidence of affection!

YE LITTLE STARS! that twinkle high,  
 In the dark vault of Heaven,  
 Like spangles on the deep blue sky,  
 Perhaps to you 'tis given  
     To shed your lucid radiance now,  
     Upon my absent loved one's brow?

Ye fleecy clouds! that swiftly glide  
O'er Earth's oft darkened way,  
Floating along in grace and pride,  
Perhaps your shadows stray,  
E'en now across the starry light,  
That guides my wanderer forth to-night?

Ye balmy breezes! sweeping by,  
And shedding freshness round,  
Ye, too, may haply as ye fly,  
With health and fragrance crowned,  
Linger a moment, soft and light,  
To sport amid his tresses bright?

Then Stars, and Clouds, and Breezes bear,  
My heart's best wish to him;  
And say the feelings glowing there  
Nor time nor change can dim;  
That be success or grief his share,  
My love still brightening shall appear.

THE WHITE JONQUIL. — '*Devotion.*'

The incense offered by Faith upon the altar of Gratitude.

To Thee, oh, God! my thoughts uprise  
When Evening shadows fall;  
And when Morn gilds the Eastern skies,  
With hope on Thee I call;  
Convinced thou still wilt deign to hear,  
The faithful heart's ascending prayer!

To Thee, my soul in deep devotion,  
I lift when Care assails;  
To curb and soothe each wild emotion,  
Thy Mercy never fails;  
Then ever let each strong desire  
God of my Life! to Thee aspire!

TULIP TREE. — '*Rural Happiness.*'

TULIP FLOWER. — '*Dream of Love.*' '*A Declaration.*'

I have combined these sentiments in a single poem, as I imagine them all parts of a bright whole.

LADY, BRIGHT! thy father's halls,  
 In princely splendor shine;  
 A lowly cot with vine-clad walls,  
 Alone I count as mine;  
*Here* many in attendance wait  
 Upon each light behest,  
 And all around proclaim thy state,  
 By wealth and grandeur blest!

*My* humbler home affords not one  
 Of all the pageant train,  
 Which glitters like the noon-day sun,  
 Around the rich and vain;



But ever by its hearth are met,  
The joyous and the fair,  
For innocence and peace have set,  
Their seals on each one there.

My Mother with her virtues meek,  
Fair Sisters whom I prize,  
Around my board a blessing speak,  
From loving, laughing eyes;  
Their tones are sweet, for heartfelt glee,  
In every voice is heard,  
And pure affection, warm and free,  
Sounds in each artless word.

Then, Lady! leave thy halls of state,  
To share the peaceful lot,  
Of one who shuns the proud and great,  
For joys they value not;

And to my cottage home repair,  
 Its pride and light to shine;  
 To every inmate's heart thou'rt dear,  
 But dearest still to mine.

---

FORGET ME NOT. — '*My name is a spell.*'

This flower grows wild upon the banks of almost every stream in our country; a small blue star, not at all like the Pansy, to which its name is often misapplied.

SWEET, pretty Flower! that shuns parade,  
 Oh, leave with me this lowly shade,  
 Nor here, unloved, unnoticed fade.

Thou hast a charm, dear flower, for me,  
 Which I have found in none but thee,  
 And a fit emblem seem'st to be,

Of one, in whom united blend  
The graces, worth and beauty lend;  
The *beau ideal* of a Friend.

A something, — I define it not, —  
For every heart may whisper what,  
If seen can never be forgot;

And in thy pure and tender blue,  
Fidelity's symbolic hue,  
I read inscribed 'to memory true.'

Then come with me, Sweet Flower, and tell,  
Of Virtues which I love so well;  
Thy very name contains a spell!

And when thy beauties all decay,  
And e'en thy fragrance fades away,  
I'll keep thy relics many a day.

## BOUQUET No. 4.

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BOUQUET FOR APRIL, COMPOSED OF THE DAFFODIL—WAX MYRTLE—DAISY—  
LAUREL—CRIMSON ROSE—AND ROSE GERANIUM.

SIGNIFICATIONS:—*Deception—I will give you advice—Innocence—Ambition—Beauty and  
Love—and Preference.*

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Now April is here, with her sunshine and showers,  
Her bright-glowing skies, and her rich-tinted flowers,  
Which spangle the earth, and adorn the gay bowers;  
While the song-birds keep time to the swift flying hours.

Then, away to the fields, to the garden repair,  
And gather fresh Bouquets for Beauty to wear,  
Arrange them with taste, and select them with care,  
For Flowers speak volumes from those who are dear:







And see the wild *Daffodil* carelessly spring,  
Around us as though its bright colors could bring,  
Delight to the gazer who knows that they fling,  
'Deception' o'er all who their loveliness sing;

But this charming *Wax Myrtle*, whose green leaves contrast  
So well with the white little balls 'midst them cast,  
Has a far graver meaning — and though fading fast,  
'It will give you advice' ere its beauty is past;

And this sweet pretty *Daisy*, so modest and meek,  
Its humble head bending, concealment to seek,  
A word dear to all in a whisper would speak,  
For the low voice of 'Innocence' often is weak!

While towering aloft in its purposes high,  
Mark yonder proud *Laurel* saluting the sky,  
With its white-scented blossoms attracting the eye,  
And inciting 'Ambition' to reach them or — die!

And this rich *Crimson Rose*, Flora's idol and pride,  
Whose odor the breezes are scattering wide,  
With 'Beauty and Love' have so long been allied,  
That poets have called it 'the Nightingale's bride.'

And though last not the least of the treasures we've found,  
This fragrant *Geranium* our bouquet has crowned,  
Of 'Preference' speaking, though numbers surround,  
It is hers who a captive our true heart hath bound.

DAFFODIL. — '*Deception.*'

Among the various lessons of expediency taught by the world,  
there is none more necessary, or more difficult, than that which  
warns us to conceal our emotions from the knowledge of the multi-  
tude.

I HAVE seen, in the Spring-breeze, gay flowerets  
wave,

While around them rich perfumes were playing ;  
Yet I knew they were blossoming over a grave,

Where Beauty and Youth were decaying ;  
But few, as they bloomed, would have deemed that  
beneath

Those beautiful symbols were ruin and death !

I have looked on the Ocean, and catching a gleam

Of sunshine its bosom arraying,  
Thought the billows which chased it, to fancy might  
seem

Like children in innocence playing,

Yet I knew all the while there was treachery there,  
For the surface alone was illumined and fair.

I have seen a gay smile, and beheld a bright eye,  
And mirth seemed in each to be beaming,  
And the light laugh's wild carol, have heard flitting  
by,

But knew, ah, too well, 't was all seeming.  
For that joy-beaming face, and the spirits so gay,  
Concealed a sad heart, where hope shed not a ray.

WAX MYRTLE. — '*I will give you advice.*'

The following lines were addressed to a beautiful little girl of two years old, but may contain a lesson for others of her sex, who have numbered more hours than Virginia.

THOSE eyes which are darting such bright glances  
now,

Shedding gladness and light ever fondly around  
thee,

Reveal, while young Pleasure laughs forth from thy  
brow,

How surely the Spirit of Beauty hath crowned  
thee!

But, sweet one! beware,

There's a shadow of care,

Obscuring those quick, vivid flashes;

And *Feeling's* deep spell

In each beam seems to dwell,

Unconcealed by thy soft silken lashes!

Yes! pure thoughts and high, soul-inspired, are  
springing,

On that fair brow of innocence, pleasure, and youth,  
And Fancy her gay fleeting visions is bringing,

Bright, witching, unreal, but dearer than truth ;

And Hope's meteor ray,

Will o'er each seem to play,

Till thy heart clings with fervent emotion,

To the shadowy things,

Fancy shakes from her wings,

And thou 'lt love them with woman's devotion !

Alas, for thee, then, Child ! all pure as thou art,

Life has its sorrows, and Time will bring sadness,

But Virtue her impress has placed on thy heart,

To sustain it when Care shall have banished thy  
gladness ;

Yet shun the sweet smile

Fancy yields to beguile



Thy steps from the path Truth has given,  
 And steadily tread,  
 In the light *she* has shed,  
 Which will guide thee, Virginia, to Heaven.

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DAISY. — '*Innocence.*'

The following graceful lines were addressed by a gentleman to a friend of the author's, who had just lost a lovely infant, a few months old. As they have never been published, and so beautifully embody the idea I wish to convey, I have taken the liberty of using them here.

THE Spirit of Innocence slept in a flower,  
 A bright little Daisy that looked to the sky,  
 With a smile which illumined the shade of the  
     bower  
 When the dew of the morning re-opened its eye;

But a storm-cloud uprising its pinion threw o'er it,  
And cruelly dashed every petal to earth ;  
When, lo ! to the Heavens its pure spirit bore it,  
In a cloud of the perfume that hallowed its birth.

Thus sternly the Angel of Death o'er us rushing,  
With a voice like the tempest, a frown like the  
cloud,  
Waved its wing o'er our flower, its bright petals  
crushing,  
To repose on the sward 'neath a gossamer shroud.

But from its pure bosom a Spirit upspringing,  
Has fled with its perfume to bowers above,  
And there, where the harps of the seraphs are ringing,  
'T will bloom in the sunshine of Heavenly love.

LAUREL. — ‘*Ambition,*’ ‘*Love of Fame.*’

There are few objects more interesting to contemplate than the struggles of a young and ardent spirit on the toilsome paths of fame; its aspirations after the lofty and beautiful are sublime! To obtain the Laurel wreath is ever the object of its highest ambition, unconscious, it would seem, that *the most deadly poison* is distilled from the leaves of the same tree.

TO IDA.

ENTHUSIAST of the Western wild!

I mark thine upward flight,  
By young ambition still beguiled  
To Delphi's dizzy height,  
E'en with a sister's pride, and own  
A sister's love though scarcely known!

A sympathy of thought has stirred  
Deep feelings in my soul,  
Which spring toward thee as bird  
Escaping from control,

Seeks 'midst its native air again

The notes which formed its first wild strain.

The dreams which charm, the hopes which lure,

Thy steps upon their way,

Familiar as my home of yore,

Around my memory play;

And thy most cherished wish I name

The idol, the delusion — *Fame!*

'T was mine, while yet a child I roved

Life's budding flowers among;

'T was mine until my bosom proved

Another — and I flung

Fame — Fancy — Hope — upon the shrine

To make that dearer idol mine.

But start not — for to thee the spell

Exists in all its power —

Thine ardent strains the story tell,

Hope claims the present hour;

Fervent and free thy young thoughts rise,  
Like fragrance to the summer skies.

Then onward! while the Laurel charms  
With fadeless green thine eye,  
Beauty still dazzles, wins, and warms,  
Though dangers 'neath it lie;  
And oft in life we find with grief  
The poison in the Laurel-leaf.

But may *thy* fate far happier be,  
More blest thy lofty gifts,  
Than if Fame's garlands circled thee,  
When Time Life's curtain lifts;  
A home of peace — a hearth of love —  
Sweet Ida! be it thine to prove!

THE CRIMSON ROSE. — '*Beauty and Love.*'

The Crimson Rose has ever been called 'the most beautiful of Flowers,' 'the Garden Queen,' &c., and so highly is it valued in Oriental Nations, that it has been the foundation of numerous fanciful legends and romances among their imaginative inhabitants.

THE modest Rose,  
Where'er it grows,  
A perfume round it flings;  
Love's chosen flower,  
To Beauty's bower  
An added grace it brings;  
And he who wins its gentle charms,  
Should place them near his heart,  
Lest 'midst the shock of life's alarms,  
Its blushes may depart.



Thus woman's Love  
 Must ever prove,  
 Imaged in this sweet flower;  
 Oh, bid it live,  
 And charms 't will give,  
 To each revolving hour;  
 But blight it not by coldness ever,  
 'T will wither in a day,  
 And the rich gift, and gentle giver,  
 Will both alike decay!

But ever be  
 The Rose to thee,  
 A charmed and valued flower,  
 And grace 't will throw,  
 O'er every wo,  
 That shades thine earthly bower;  
 Within thy bosom guard it well,  
 From each rude storm that lowers;  
 And Love will prove his magic spell,  
 Dwells in this Queen of Flowers.

The Bulbul sings,  
And folds his wings  
Beside his worshipped Rose;  
Which ere its close,  
Fresh sweetness shows,  
To soothe him to repose!  
Such be *thy* fate — this Eastern tale  
A moral should impart,  
Thou' st won the flower — oh, never fail  
To wear it *next* thy heart!

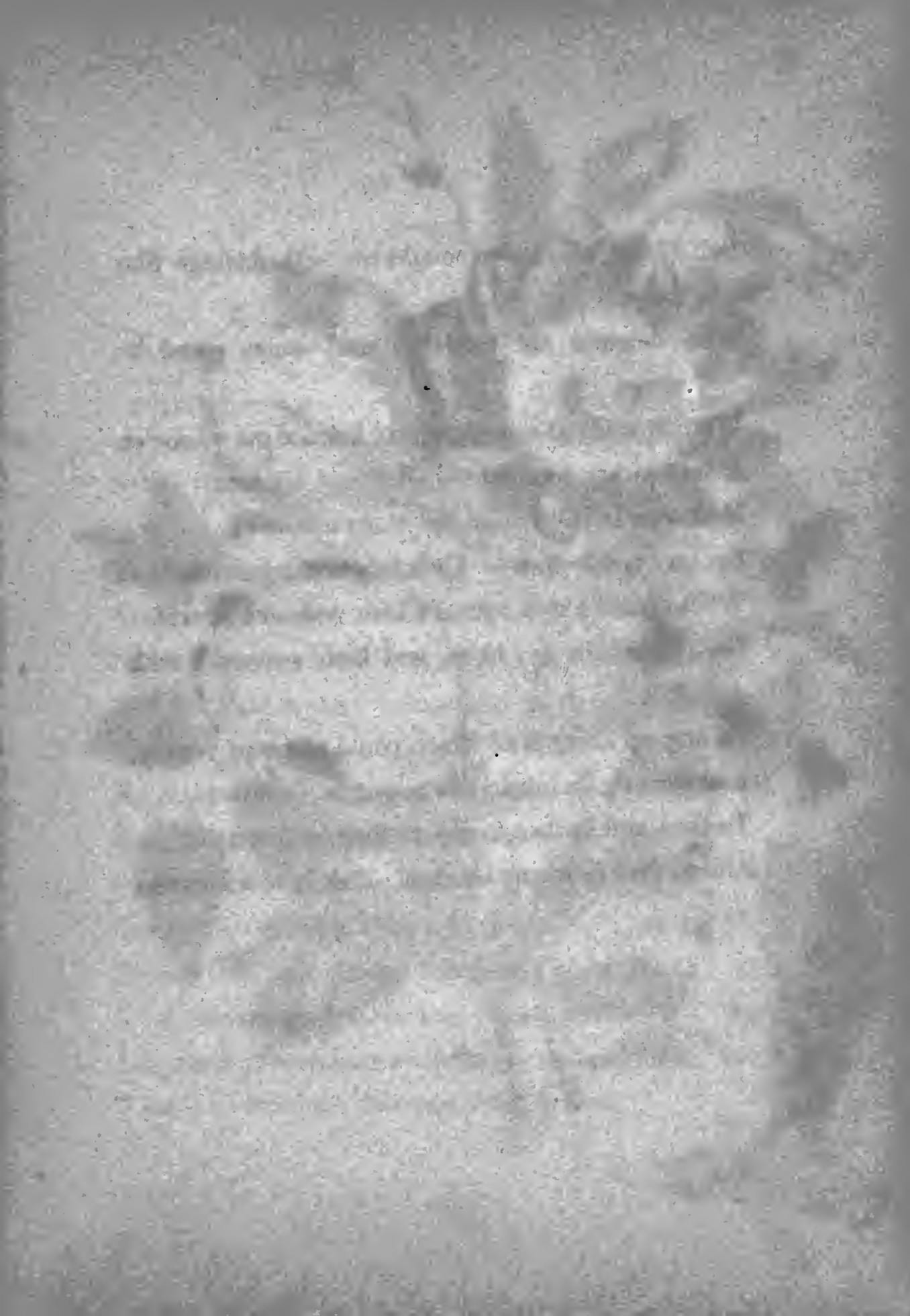
ROSE GERANIUM. — ‘ *Preference.*

It is difficult to foretell the quality that will win preference ; but, as a general rule, *Sincerity* seems the best calculated to excite and establish regard.

THOUGH many have wooed me with Flattery's wiles,  
And exerted each art to elicit my smiles,  
Have whispered kind words it was pleasant to hear,  
And breathed in Love's accents fond praise in mine  
ear ;

My heart all unmoved has their efforts received,  
Save when at their folly it sometimes has grieved ;  
Or given its music, like melodies flung  
Unconsciously forth, from a harp that's unstrung,  
To meet the light fingers that flew o'er its chords,  
A meaningless echo — which often rewards  
The touch of a skillless musician — and proves  
A balm to the spirit that hopelessly loves !

But *Thou!* who ne'er sought me with feelings like  
these,  
Who deigned not to flatter, and scarce cared to  
please,  
Who showed me my errors, and blamed me whene'er  
A fault in my conduct too oft would appear;  
Hast won in my bosom emotions unknown,  
For any beside thee — Thou bright peerless one!  
Whose hand like a master's hath wakened at will,  
Each chord in my heart, and hath swayed it with  
skill,  
Calling up every tone which could pleasure bestow,  
And causing its music in streams to o'erflow;  
To thee, still to thee, is my preference given;  
And to thee bows my heart, as saints bow to Heaven.







## BOUQUET No. 5.

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BOUQUET FOR MAY, COMPOSED OF THE SNOWBALL—LILY OF THE VALLEY—  
MYRTLE—ROSES—HAWTHORN—VIOLET—WHITE ROSEBUD—HYACINTH—  
ANEMONIE—IRIS—BUTTER CUP—AND AMERICAN ELM.

SIGNIFICATIONS:—*I look to things above—Restored Happiness—Love—Pledges of Affection—  
—Hope—Modesty—Maiden's Blush—Grief—Forsaken—Unrequited Love—  
Forgiveness—and Patriotism.*

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SEASON OF FLOWERS! Sweet May! thy birth we hail!

As glad emotions thrill our grateful hearts,  
And perfume-laden breezes waft the tale,  
That lingering Winter from our land departs;  
Accept our tribute on thy natal day,  
And shed thy smiles upon us, gentle May!

'T is thine to bring the rosy-tinted hours,  
That youth delights in—age remembers still,  
The early verdure, and the budding flowers,  
The boon of promise, Summer will fulfil—

To softly tinge the cheek, with healthful glow,  
And give the spirits their elastic flow.

'Thou shed'st thy blessings with a bounteous hand,  
Dressing our prairies with thy gorgeous dyes,  
And sending forth fresh choristers — a band  
Of feathered minstrels — to the deep blue skies,  
Pouring their offerings of love and song,  
And teaching us a lesson pure and strong!

Thy genial influence toucheth mind and heart;  
The tender impulse and the purpose high,  
Quick into being at thy coming start,  
And raise the soul from earth, beyond the sky;  
Thy fragrant garlands Nature's altars wreath,  
As our full hearts to God their incense breathe.

Turn where we will, and Earth's rich offerings vie  
In teachings to the soul of trust and love;  
The towering *Snowball* lifts its head on high,  
In grateful homage 'to the things above;'

While by its side the *Lily of the Vale*,  
 With 'Happiness Restored,' repeats the tale!

The *Myrtle*, emblem of the heart's deep 'Love,  
 Brings her white blossoms forth to deck the scene,  
 While *Roses in variety* would prove  
 How close to Faith 'Affection's pledges' lean;  
 And the sweet *Hawthorn*, too, delights to ope  
 Her fairy blossoms now, to whisper 'Hope.'

The blue-eyed *Violet* at this time would speak,  
 Of charms by 'Modesty' concealed from view:  
 While the soft 'blush that paints the maiden's cheek,'  
 In the *White Rose Bud* finds a symbol true.  
 E'en the sad *Hyacinth* her 'Grief' imparts  
 To win the sympathy of generous hearts!

The fair *Anemonie* her tale would tell,  
 Of charms 'Forsaken,' promises betrayed;  
 While the dark theme the *Iris* too might swell,  
 By 'Love unanswered,' in some hapless maid—

But, lo! the *Butter Cup*, in patience strong,  
Now breathes 'Forgiveness' of the Heart's deep wrong.

The graceful *Elm*, our country's common boast,  
In all its pride throughout this month appears,  
With classic branches, still admired most,  
When Spring's bright livery the forest wears,  
To every mind a noble impulse brings,  
And 'the high virtues of the Patriot' sings.

Season of Flowers! bright May! thy birth we hail,  
As glad emotions thrill our grateful hearts,  
And perfume-laden breezes waft the tale  
That lingering Winter from our land departs;  
Accept our tribute on thy natal day,  
And shed thy smiles upon us, gentle May!

SNOWBALL. — *‘I look to things above.*

This graceful flower which lifts its stately head above the surrounding beauties of the garden, is seldom used in a Bouquet, unless to ornament a room. It attracts our attention to its clusters of pure white blossoms, by the expression of hope and adoration it appears to wear, while looking up in proud confidence to Heaven.

THE fairest flower that decks the field,  
 The brightest gem that glows,  
 To Time's rude power alike must yield,  
 Sure as it beams or blows.

The purest thought that lights the eye,  
 The feeling that's most dear,  
 The glow on Beauty's cheek must die,  
 And fond hopes disappear.

The sweetest visions which may light  
 The Poet's heart and song,  
 Must own the desolating blight  
 Of withering Time ere long.

All earthly things must pass away,  
 And leave a ruined shrine;  
 But there *are* those which ne'er decay —  
 The holy, the divine!

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LILY OF THE VALLEY. — '*Restored Happiness.*'

Happiness is of the heart, and it is the mind which gives its tone  
 and coloring to nature.

THERE is a spell in every flower,  
 A sweetness in each spray;  
 And every simple bird has power  
 To please me with its lay.



And there is music in each breeze

That sports along the glade;

The crystal dew-drops on the trees

Are gems, by Fancy made;

There's gladness too in every thing,

And beauty over all,

And every where comes on with Spring,

A charm which cannot pall.

And I—my heart is full of joy,

And gratitude is there,

That He who might my life destroy

Has yet vouchsafed to spare.

The friends I once condemned, are now

Affectionate and true;

I wept a pledged one's broken vow,

But he proves faithful too.

And now there is a happiness  
 In every thing I see,  
 Which bids my soul rise up and bless  
 The God who blesses me!

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MYRTLE. — ‘*Love.*’

An influence language cannot describe — which, in different degrees, is experienced, probably, *once* in every life.

A SPELL is on my Lyre! — in vain  
 I strive its chords to string  
 To gayer themes — one only strain  
 Its ceaseless echoes bring;  
 At morn — at noon — at eventide —  
 To change that note I’ve vainly tried.

But, ah, it baffles every art,  
 My skillless hand applies!  
 Taking the lesson from my heart,  
 It ever thus replies —  
 ‘Useless shall every effort prove;  
 Then be thy song of Love — still Love!’

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A BUNCH OF ROSES. — ‘*Pledge of Affection.*’

Fame twines the Laurel — Friendship wreathes the Ivy — but  
 Love alone scatters Roses along our path.

OH, tell me not that strangers praise  
 My lute’s unbidden song;  
 Its simplest and its proudest lays  
 To those I love belong;

I never touch its strings unless  
To cheer a pensive hour ;  
Or win a magic smile to bless  
Its unpretending power ;

The smiles Affection's lips have wreathed,  
Ten thousand words are worth  
Of idle praise, if lightly breathed  
By strangers to our hearth.

And Fame is but a fearful sound,  
To such a heart as mine ;  
My temples must remain unbound,  
Or Friends the chaplet twine.

The Laurel wreath — or Ivy crown,  
The envied meed of those  
Who strive for Fame, I would lay down  
To gain one fragrant Rose !

For Roses form the coronal  
 Which Love's own hand composes;  
 Then be my garland e'er so small,  
 If wholly made of Roses.

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HAWTHORN.— '*Hope.*'

Worshipped as a Divinity by the Heathen, and shrined by the  
 Christian on the altar of his faith.

IN Life's young morn, with buds and flowers,  
 Hope, smiling nymph, appears,  
 And sings to charm our opening hours,  
 A thousand siren airs!

And though her fairy buds decay,  
 And soon her flowerets fall;  
 She lures us on from day to day,  
 With strains that never pall!

She hovers o'er the darkest cloud,  
That Life's sad pathway shades,  
And e'en when tempests rage most loud,  
Her voice the storm pervades!

She lights our gloom — she soothes our care —  
She bids our fears depart,  
Transmutes to gems each grief-fraught tear,  
And binds the broken heart!

She glances o'er us from above,  
The brightest star that's given,  
And guides us still through faith and love  
To endless Peace in Heaven!



THE VIOLET. — 'Modesty.'

*Il faut me chercher.*

As that fair little guest,  
Which in woman's pure breast,  
Lies hid amid blushes and tears,  
Doth the Violet grow,  
Other flowers below —  
Sweet emblem of Modesty's fears!

For Modesty telleth,  
To none where it dwelleth,  
But waits to be sought for ere found;  
Thus blossom unseen,  
'Neath their mantle of green,  
Blue Violets close to the ground!

A soft blush may steal  
 O'er the cheek, and reveal,  
 That Modesty hovereth there,  
 So the fresh breeze of Spring,  
 To the senses will bring  
 The perfume of Violets near!

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WHITE ROSE BUD. — '*Maiden's Blush.*'

'An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.'

WAS it unholy? — surely no!

The tongue no purer thought can speak,  
 And from the heart no feeling flow,  
 More chaste than brightens woman's cheek!

How oft we mark the deep-tinged rose  
 Soft mantling where the lily grew,  
 Nor deem that where such beauty blows,  
 A treacherous thorn's concealed from view!

That thorn may touch some tender vein,  
And crimson o'er the wounded part;  
Unheeded too, a transient pain  
Will flush the cheek and thrill the heart!

On Beauty's lids the gem-like tear  
Oft sheds its evanescent ray,  
But scarce is seen to sparkle, ere  
'Tis chased by beaming smiles away!

Just so the Blush is formed, and flies,  
Nor owns reflection's calm control,  
It comes — it deepens — fades — and dies —  
A gush of *feeling* from the soul!

HYACINTH. — '*Grief*,' '*Despondency*.'

The fabulous origin of this beautiful flower is too familiar to all to be repeated here. But who has not, like Apollo, grieved over the death or absence of a Hyacinth.

'Tis vain — 'tis vain — I cannot find  
 In music, flowers, or books, a charm  
 To soothe my heart, or yield my mind  
 The joy once quick and warm,  
 That in each pulse, through every tone,  
 Proclaimed my bosom pleasure's throne.

I cannot feel as once I felt,  
 But own contempt for most I find;  
 Too surely was the arrow dealt,  
 Which poisoned heart and mind;  
 It changed the last in every tone,  
 And almost turned the first to stone!

And now I stand a thing apart,  
Scorning the scenes I loved before,  
With no communion for a heart  
Struck deeply — to the core ;  
And vain each effort, still, I find,  
To wear the canker from my mind.

For, ah ! the heart, — the only one,  
Where mine its sorrows would repose,  
The only mind which like my own  
Has felt, and scorned the woes,  
The false, the cold, inflict — is far,  
And worshipped like some distant star.

ANEMONIE. — '*Forsaken.*'

There are few trials harder to bear than the consciousness that our affection is no longer regarded by those who once loved us. None are more depressing in their tendency.

Oh, never more in Feeling's darkened halls,  
 Shall Fancy's roseate light in beauty play;  
 A shadow of the past upon them falls,  
 To veil the future — frighten hope away!

And never more will thrills of joy awaken,  
 This saddened heart, from misery and despair;  
 The Spirit Lamp is from the altar taken,  
 And darkness shrouds the utter ruin there!



IRIS. — ‘*Unrequited Love.*’

THE GIFTED GIRL.

‘I remember, while at Florence, to have witnessed the funeral obsequies of a young girl of noble descent, long considered the most beautiful and accomplished female in the kingdom. The deep melancholy into which she fell, united to other circumstances, originated a report of her death being caused by the “*maladie du cœur.*”’

RECOLLECTIONS OF ITALY.

THEY say I am a gifted creature — Fame  
High in her temple hath enrolled my name,  
And Beauty on my young, sad brow, hath set  
Her rainbow-tinctured, radiant coronet!

And these have won for me — I know it well —  
Envy and burning hatred often — where  
I never injured; and my soul’s proud spell  
Of Genius — reaps, alas! too oft but care.  
And yet, sweet, gentle one! Thou modest Girl,  
Who kindly gazest on each waving curl

Of floating jet, that circles round me — why  
To view my high-wrought beauty dost thou sigh?

True, I have nobler gifts. The lofty spirit  
Of a long line of high ones, I inherit;  
And from the depths of feeling, and of thought,  
Bright, bright creations has my fancy caught,  
And imaged forth in all the wild, rich glow  
Which painting breathes upon the spirit's dream,  
While music wakes her soothing soft and low  
At my light bidding — like a 'whelming stream  
Rushing to meet my fingers' ardent touch,  
She throngs the harp-strings which I love so much;  
Yes! these are mine — high gifts — Yet, fair one,  
why

For these should thy pure bosom breathe a sigh?

Are they not all? Ah, wherefore ask the tale,  
Of blessings which have made my young cheek  
pale?

For they have brought me in their glittering train,  
 Much of deep pleasure, but a world of pain.

Sweetly they soothe me in the hour of grief—

Yet 'tis a selfish joy e'en then, they throw  
 Over my saddened heart—delusive—brief—

And vanishing—like starlight's milder glow,—  
 For in my joys as in my griefs—alone—  
 No bosom thrills responsive to my own!

Of all the crowds this busy world contains,  
 None join my mirth, or suffer in my pains!

Ah, gentle Girl, thou enviest gifts like mine!

Think what a dearer, holier boon, is thine!

Thy dove-like meekness tints affection's cheek,

With purer language than the lips may speak;

*Fame* is my proud inheritance—thine own

Is *Love*—the noblest gift of bounteous Heaven.

O'er me, alas! it hath but vainly thrown

The spells of Genius. Think not they have  
 given

To my heart happiness—the faithless dower  
 Of Beauty too, is worthless as a flower.  
 To win attachment each bright spell I've tried,  
 Yet none have loved me since my mother died!

And this it is to be exalted—high—  
 And wake in thoughtless breasts the envious sigh,  
 I am 'a thing enskied,' and it might seem,  
 Men view me as the phantom of a dream,  
     Or picture, such as my own pencil wrought  
     In other days—They gaze—and gaze—ad-  
         miring  
 My beauty—even while my name hath caught  
     The ear of many, for a time inspiring  
 Astonishment—that one so fair, so bright,  
 Should stand thus lonely in her spirit's might—  
 And—coldly then they've turned away—nor  
     deemed  
 I was not all the statue that I seemed!

Alas! few know the wretchedness which clings  
Around a heart in which affection's springs  
Are flowing deep, unanswered, all unsought,  
And bearing back the treasures they have brought  
From hidden sources — holy, high, unseen,  
Unthought of, by the common throng — who  
gaze

Upon the lone one's lofty brow serene,  
O'er which no love-requited flush ere plays.  
Oh, gentle Girl! Dost envy still these gifts?  
Its pitying gaze to mine thy mild eye lifts;  
What says the spirit in my look that lies?  
Beloved of Earth and Heaven! be satisfied — be  
wise.

BUTTER CUP. — '*Forgiveness.*'

Our injuries, however deep, may be forgiven, although it is impossible to erase them from the memory.

FAREWELL ! I forgive thee ! the word that is spoken,  
At this moment of parting, shall never be broken,  
And sincere is my wish that where'er thou may'st  
go,

No sad recollection its shadow may throw  
O'er that beautiful brow ! not a sorrow arise,  
To darken the lustre that beams from thine eyes ;  
But thy future be bright as the tints which at even  
Reflect the sun's rays on the curtains of Heaven.

Farewell ! I have loved thee as few have been loved,  
With a faith unsuspecting — a trust unproved,  
Till too late the hard lesson my bosom received,  
And in scorn I retired, in silence I grieved ;

But 't is past — I forgive thee ! the anguish is o'er,  
Though the heart which so loved thee can love thee  
no more ;

I can bid thee farewell, with a look and a tone,  
As courteously calm, and cold as thine own.

Farewell ! be thou blest on thy pathway through life,  
Free from Care's chilling blasts, and the billows of  
strife,

Which Passion oft raises the young heart within,  
To wreck its repose on the rough reefs of sin ;  
May no memories waken, when far thou shalt be,  
From the wide Western valley, to whisper of me,  
To sigh o'er the past, and to make thee regret,  
Thou hast not the power to wound — and forget.



THE AMERICAN ELM. — '*Patriotism.*'

The love of our country, and an admiration of those, who, by their virtues, their talents, and their noble actions, have assisted to illustrate her history, and adorn her annals, cannot be too greatly encouraged in the young, or fostered in the more advanced! The subjoined lines, recited by a little girl, one of the pupils at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, were addressed to Major General Gaines, when he visited the Seminary of that institution.

THE song of triumph, and the wreath of Bays,  
The hero's meed in ancient classic days,  
With all romantic chivalry endears,  
Have passed like phantoms down the vale of years;  
But cherished memories linger round us yet,  
Like rays of glory when the sun has set,  
To shed reflected lustre o'er the earth,  
And gild the deeds of valor and of worth.

Thus, when combined, as in *thine own* we see,  
All the young warrior might aspire to be,

With all the civic virtues that impart,  
Grace to the mind, and honor to the heart ;  
What soul exulting doth not pant to bring  
Some simple offering o'er thy path to fling ?

For even childhood in its happy hours,  
Would twine for thee a garland of sweet flowers.  
With glad emotion then, we haste to prove,  
How patriot worth, and daring deeds we love ;  
And with one voice of earnest welcome greet  
Our honored guest to Virtue's calm retreat.  
Hero of Erie ! lo ! around thee stand,  
The free-born daughters of our common land,  
With hearts, like roses on our western plains,  
Their incense flinging to the name of GAINES.

## BOUQUET No. 6.

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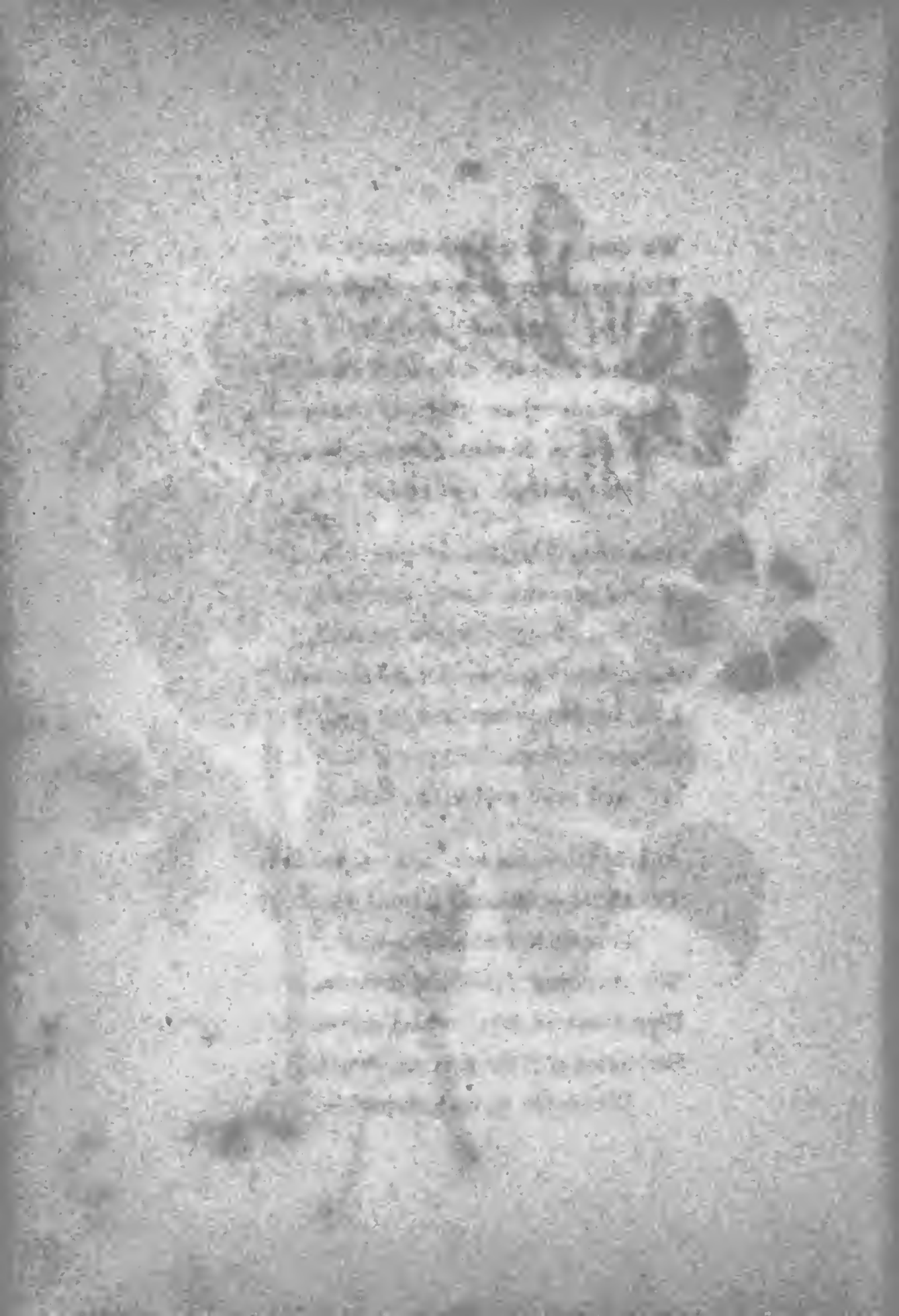
BOUQUET FOR JUNE, COMPOSED OF THE HONEYSUCKLE — FUCHSIA — AURICULAS  
— EVENING PRIMROSE — WALL-FLOWER — PINKS — HEARTSEASE, OR  
PANSY — NASTURTIUM — ICE-PLANT — YELLOW ROSE —  
WHITE JESSAMIN — BAY BLOSSOM.

SIGNIFICATIONS: — *Wedded Love* — *Confiding Love* — *Painting* — *Inconstancy* — *Fidelity* — *Pure  
and lively affection* — *Think of me* — *Passing away* — *Estrangement* — *Smile again* —  
*Do not give me pain* — *Reward of Merit.*

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BRIGHT JUNE! amid thy fragrant bowers,  
Of deepening shades and full-blown flowers,  
A thousand charms we find;  
And in the gentle murmuring,  
Thy placid brooks and breezes bring,  
We meet that peace which Hope would fling  
Upon the troubled mind!





We own it in the soft repose,  
 That marks thy dewy evening's close,  
     And in thy tranquil days;  
 We find it in thy deep blue skies,  
 And clouds whose gorgeous beauty vies,  
 To wake, as do the rainbow's dyes,  
     Our gratitude and praise.

And when that Bow of promise tells  
 Where boundless mercy ever dwells,  
     We lift our thoughts on high,  
 Assured though care her billows roll,  
 Like surging waters o'er the soul,  
 A voice will yet their power control,  
     And hush each rising sigh!

And in thine emblem flowers we seek  
 The moral — Nature's lessons speak  
     Forever to our hearts —  
 The clustering *Honeysuckle* shows,  
 How 'wedded love' united grows,  
 Sustaining still the joys and woes,  
     Which life to each imparts —



The *Fuchsia* would the theme prolong,  
 And gaily weave her graceful song  
     Of still 'confiding love;'  
 While bright *Auriculas* reveal  
 How Art from Nature oft may steal  
 A lesson the sad heart to heal,  
     And 'Painting's' power would prove!

The *Evening-Primrose* too might teach  
 How vain the effort, joy to reach,  
     'Inconstancy!' is thine!  
 The *Wall-Flower* lifts her humble head,  
 As far around her odors spread,  
 And through Life's darkest hours would shed  
     'Fidelity' divine!

And see, to swell the lengthened links  
 Of Flora's chain, these brilliant *Pinks*,  
     This beautiful *Heartsease*;  
 Of pure affection, lively, strong,  
 The first would weave a joyous song,  
 Whose cadence Echo will prolong,  
     Till borne away by these;



'Oh, think of me,' the *Pansy* cries,  
And to the sad *Nasturtium* flies,

Who 'passing still away,'  
Just lifts her drooping head and sighs;  
While cold and careless by her lies,  
'Estrangement' painted in her eyes,  
The *Ice-plant* — heartless — gay;

And now the *Yellow Rose* behold!  
Her petals soft and slow unfold,  
Inviting 'smiles again;'  
While the *White Jessamin* would teach  
A lesson in the ceaseless speech,  
She ever makes to all, to each,  
'Oh, do not cause me pain!'

While far around her perfumes breathe,  
The *Bay* her blossoms fair would wreath,  
In chaplets for the brow;  
Where merit a reward would claim,  
Or Virtue crown some honored name,  
Or genius raise to power and fame,  
Such as her spells avow!

Season of beauty and of mirth,  
That danceth o'er the laughing earth,  
Thy richest gifts adorn; —  
Accept the tribute we would bring,  
The full heart's grateful offering,  
As Summer's lavish gifts we sing,  
To greet her natal morn.

HONEYSUCKLE. — ‘ *Wedded Love.*’

The clinging tendencies of these beautiful flowers, and the striking dependence upon each other which they exhibit, seem admirably calculated to portray the confidence and affection that should exist in married life.

COME, rouse thee, dearest! 't is not well  
 To let the spirit brood  
 Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell  
 Life's current to a flood!  
 As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all  
 Increase the gulf in which they fall,  
 Such thoughts by gathering up the rills  
 Of lesser grief, spread real ills;  
 And with their gloomy shades conceal  
 The landmarks Hope would else reveal!

Come, rouse thee now ! I know thy mind,  
 And would its strength awaken ;  
 Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind, —

Strange, thou should'st be thus shaken !  
 But rouse afresh each energy,  
 And be what Heaven intended thee ;  
 Shake from thy soul this wearying weight,  
 And prove thy spirit firmly great ;  
 I would not see thee bend below  
 The angry storms of earthly wo !

Full well I know the generous soul

Which warms thee into life,  
 Each spring which can its powers control  
 Familiar to thy wife —

For deem'st thou she had stooped to bind  
 Her fate unto a common mind ?

The eagle-like ambition nurs'd  
 From childhood in her heart had first

Consumed with its Promethean flame  
 Its shrine — than sunk her so to shame.

Then, rouse thee, dearest, from the dream  
 That fetters now thy powers;  
 Shake off this gloom! Hope sheds a beam  
 To gild each cloud that lowers —  
 And though, at present, seems so far  
 The wished for goal — a guiding star,  
 With steady ray would light thee on  
 Until its utmost bound be won, —  
 That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove,  
 In fond, undying, wedded love!

FUCHSIA. — '*Confiding Love.*'

It is impossible to love long when there is a want of confidence. Respect for the character, and a firm reliance upon the principles, can alone insure the continuance of attachment.

I OFFER thee no pledge! I ask for none  
 To bind thy love in endless constancy;  
 I only know, that what affection won,  
 Will keep my heart still faithful unto thee!

I ask thee not, when brighter eyes are near,  
 And lips more lovely gently smile on thee,  
 To turn unconscious from the young and fair,  
 And give thine undivided thoughts to me.

Free as the eaglet be thy spirit's wing;  
 Upward and onward its unwearied flight;  
 No cloud, no fetter, would my proud heart bring  
 To check its progress to the realms of light!

But, oh, should Sorrow dim the brightening scene,  
 Or Disappointment's shade upon thee fall—  
 Then think what fond devotion mine hath been,  
 And still, beloved one! on its fervor call!

Mine the dear privilege, where'er thou art,  
 To mark thy course, and glory in thy fame,  
 While Love's deep fount, o'erflowing from my  
 heart,  
 Pours its full stream in blessings on thy name.



AURICULA. — '*Painting*.'

The refining influence of the Arts is, perhaps, never more perceptible than in those who cultivate a taste for Painting.

CELESTIAL ART! most touching, most sublime,  
 And most ennobling — I could worship thee!  
 Creative power, that from the wrecks of time,  
 Can save and renovate whate'er there be  
 Of good, or beautiful, or great in life,  
 And Phœnix-like, give back their charms to earth,  
 I hail thee, Painting! victor in each strife,  
 And claim thy triumphs as I sing thy worth.  
 Where'er thou comest darkness fades away,  
 And even dullness owns thy magic sway!

EVENING PRIMROSE. — '*Inconstancy*.'

Folly's chief ingredient when creating a Flirt or Coxcomb.

EVER changing — never true —  
 Seeking still for something new!  
 Like the Honey-bee you rove,  
 Every blossom's charms to prove;  
 Culling sweets from all you see,  
 With a tireless wing, and free;  
 Wasting life's most precious hours,  
 'Midst the world's delusive flowers;  
 Still contented to enjoy,  
 Present pleasures till they cloy;  
 Hope and all its treasures losing,  
 Youth's best blessings still abusing, —  
 Pause, then! — and your portrait see  
 Imaged thus, *Inconstancy*.

WALL-FLOWER. — '*Fidelity in Misfortune.*'

The fidelity that survives the misfortunes of those we love, is admirably typified in the rich and durable perfume that renders the Wall-Flower so general a favorite.

YES! I am thine; though years may fling  
Their trophies on thy toilsome way,  
And youthful hopes may all take wing,  
And cease to shed for thee a ray;  
Though foes assail, and hatred lay  
Its snares thy manly heart to wring,  
And Pleasure's light fade day by day,  
Yet still, that proud and wayward thing,  
*This woman's heart* round thee shall twine,  
Its hopes — love — life, — Thine, ever thine!

PINK. — '*Lively and pure Affection.*'

When this sentiment really exists, language seems superfluous to make it known to the one who has inspired it. Whether it is as thoroughly appreciated as understood may be doubted.

I 'LL not deny I love thee well,  
 Though truth we need not always *tell*,  
 For when, as in this odorous Pink,  
 Such fragrance breathes — 't were vain I think,  
     To *say* that it is sweet!  
 'T were vain to whisper that the rose,  
 In loveliest colors ever glows;  
 Or that the blush on woman's cheek,  
 Reveals the thought she would not speak;  
     Such truths, ah, why repeat?

I know not, Love! I ask not why  
 I ever turn to thine mine eye,  
 When Feeling's rays within it play,  
 Unless I mean that it should say,

What well thou knowest now;  
That true affection, lively, bright,  
Lends to each beam its own pure light,  
And bids it fondly turn to tell,  
The truth that in its flashings dwell;  
That truth then why avow? —

That shrined within my bosom lives;  
One thought, which to each action gives  
Its impulse strong, its movement free,  
And guides or checks its destiny;

One thought, which still must be  
The pivot, upon which revolve  
Each strong emotion, high resolve,  
And feelings which are pure and good —  
Already thou hast understood —

'Tis one long thought of thee.

PANSY, OR HEARTSEASE. — ‘*Think of me still.*’

What heart does not cling to the hope of being remembered by those it has cherished, when the curtain of death has for a time separated the objects once so closely united!

THINK of me still, when life is o’er —

Its fitful fever ended;

And thou the form shall see no more

Which once so fondly tended,

To wake thy smiles of tranquil mirth,

And shed a halo round thy hearth.

Think of me still! I could not bear

That thou should’st cease to love

My memory, when no more I share

The pangs ’tis thine to prove,

The pleasures thou must feel alone,  
The triumphs thou at times must own.

Think of me still! E'en joys of Heaven  
Could compensate no more,  
For pains thus to my bosom given,  
Than bid them not endure;  
And still, beloved one! I shall be  
A watchful guardian unto thee!



NASTURTIIUM. — '*Passing away.*'

Who has not speculated upon the brevity of life, until the fair things of earth seemed rapidly passing from his possession? The following stanzas were written on a rainy day in September.

THE Summer's leaves were fair and bright,  
 But now upon their boughs they fade;  
 Already has the withering blight  
 Of Autumn, ruthless havoc made;  
 The gay, the beautiful, the pride  
 Of August droop, — and some have died!

The sun in splendor rose to-day,  
 His glories beamed far o'er the world;  
 But clouds arose, obscured each ray,  
 And raindrops soon the flowers impearled;  
 Those flowers, how sweet! yet even they  
 Begin their early, sure decay!

And thus it is with all fair things,  
All that we love and prize the most;  
A season — aye, a day oft brings  
The withering blight, and they are lost;  
Gay thoughts — high hopes — deep feelings, all  
Must wear the dark funereal pall!

And Life! — aye Life is here portrayed,  
It dawns like Summer's brightest leaf,  
Is like this morning's sky arrayed  
In beauties evanescent — brief —  
For Sorrow's clouds lie thick and soon  
As evening's shadows follow noon.

For even like those drooping flowers  
Fast hastening to the silent tomb,  
A few short days — a few short hours —  
And all things lose their transient bloom;  
The friends who read this strain, — and I, —  
Must follow, — like a passing sigh.

ICE PLANT. — '*Estrangement.*'

How painful is it to meet the eyes that once sought ours with affection, and see nothing but coldness or indifference in their gaze! yet how often in life do we encounter such.

So COLD! so cold! and can it be  
 That I am nothing now to thee?  
 Those lips, whose 'wreathed smiles' of yore,  
 Promised affection deep as pure;  
 Those eyes, which then to mine would turn,  
 Their simplest wish or thought to learn,  
 Have now a new expression caught, —  
 For, ah, the heart with feeling fraught  
 In other days, is chilled and changed,  
 And we forever are — *Estranged.*

YELLOW ROSE. — '*Smile again.*'

The smiles of those who are dear to us incite to exertion, quite as surely as the absence of them depresses and discourages.

I TOUCH my wayward lute no more,  
Unless thou'lt smile again, love!  
For feebler far than all before  
Would be the heartless strain, love!

Whene'er to catch wild Fancy's ray,  
I ever truly try, love,  
'Tis but to mark Affection's play,  
In thy approving eye, love!

The cherished hope then wither not,  
Which tunes at times my lute, love;  
But yield the boon so fondly sought,  
Or, ah, it must be mute, love!

Then smile, ah, smile, if but to bless  
The wish to please, though vain, love;  
My lute's forever hushed — unless,  
Thou'lt smile upon its strain, love!

WHITE JASMINE. — '*Forbear to wound.*' '*Do not give pain.*'

I cannot better introduce the following stanzas, than by a quotation from Lady Blessington: — '*Alas! women look more to effect than cause; they all feel, but how few can reason! and men, whose duty, whose interest it is to reflect on this peculiarity, seldom give themselves the trouble to think on the subject until it is too late. I believe it is Fontenelle who says, that women have a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain, than men; — it is this fibre that responds to the nerve where agonies are born; so that all that women want in reasoning powers, they make up for in feeling.*' — Will men remember this, and forbear to wound us?

THEY say that the heart which to woman is given,  
 Than man's sterner organ has one fibre more;  
 From the hour of her birth, thus predestined by  
 Heaven

More acutely to feel — greater ills to endure:  
 Yet the balance of power, Nature's law to maintain,  
 Is awarded, proud man, in one cell more of brain!

And we know how 't is woman's proud practice too  
oft,

To be pining in sorrow, she fain would conceal ;  
To wear the glad smile, and to carry aloft

The bright glow of triumph her heart cannot feel ;  
With a jest to her bosom unshrinking she 'll clasp  
A wreath of false flowers, concealing the asp !

We know they *all* feel ; — even she who can throw

No veil o'er the anguish that melts in a tear ;  
But whose lighter emotions of joy and of woe,

In the gem-woven mantle of April appear ;  
Whose quick-fleeting griefs, bursting forth from her  
eyes,

The next passing zephyr just kisses, — and dries !

But this pool of Bethsaida, which blesses and heals,

In some higher natures can seldom be stirred ;  
And the heart that most keenly and tenderly feels,  
Is that from whose depths not a murmur is heard !



Not an echo awakens the silence to break!  
 Not a sigh bubbles up, the dark waters to shake!

Aye! 'the fountain of tears' seemeth locked in that  
                   soul,

And its wrongs, and its griefs to the world are un-  
                   known;

For its waves are like lava, which boil as they roll,

Then scathe and destroy — or turn into stone!

Oh, 't is fearful the floodgates of feeling to keep,

In a bosom that suffers, yet dares not to weep!

Gifted man in his pride, as he steps o'er the earth

Elate with his learning, and vain of his power,

Will stoop to contemplate the sweetness and worth

Of God's best creation; will build her a bower

Which he wins her to bless with her smiles and her  
                   love,

And enshrines her his own as a boon from above!

He will bask in her charms, from the light of her eye  
 Catch fancies and feelings he ne'er knew before ;  
 He will mix in her pleasures, as each hurries by,  
 And chase the light ills it is her's to endure ;  
 But, alas ! the 'one fibre' he cannot attain,  
 Denies him the power to join in her pain.

And too oft to caprice he attributes a tone,  
 Or a look, or a sigh, which she cannot control ;  
 And the woe preordained she should suffer alone,  
 Is barbed by his sneer as it enters her soul ;  
 Then touched are the waters and dark is the fate,  
 Which is destined, alas ! on her future to wait !

Ye proud sons of reason ! oh, pause on your way,  
 And reflect, e'er too late, on the pain ye may give ;  
 '*Tis woman's to suffer*, — be it your's to allay  
 By forbearance each grief she is doomed to receive, —

Hold sacred the weakness with loveliness born,  
 Nor forget the rose owns *both* fragrance and thorn.

THE BAY BLOSSOM. — '*Reward of Merit.*'

From the purity of its color, and the durability of its odor, this flower should typify feelings of the highest order ; and Affection can well bestow it, in the spirit of prophecy, upon the young and the gifted, who are scaling the steep of Ambition's toilsome path. — But Love ever trembles lest it be replaced by Fame.

Do not forget me — Fame, I know,  
Will twine her chaplet round thy brow,  
And stranger voices yet proclaim,  
With loud applause thine honored name !  
The good, the great, will speak thy praise,  
And smiling Beauty's flattering gaze,  
Thy prouder boon will be ; — and then,  
Perhaps, thou wilt forget me ; when  
Success will bid thee still pursue  
Ambition's phantom form untrue,

And vain too oft her glittering plumes,  
As false the wreath that round her blooms!

Forgive me! but while others crowd  
Around thee with their plaudits loud,  
I still a silent part must bear,  
Nor tell my hopes, nor breathe one fear  
To chill thy sanguine spirit, — while  
All others greet thee with a smile;  
But oh, they will not feel like me,  
That pride, that interest deep, in thee,  
Which chains the tongue, and dyes the cheek;  
When thy loved praises others speak,  
They will not dread like me to find,  
That place by thee to Fame assigned,  
Which I — but no my prayer shall be  
Ever as now — *Remember me!*

## BOUQUET No. 7.

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BOUQUET FOR JULY, COMPOSED OF THE WATER STAR — THE OLEANDER —  
MYOSOTIS — TRUMPET FLOWER — TREFOIL — BALM — YELLOW LILY —  
HELIOTROPE — YELLOW CARNATION — COREOPSIS — WALNUT  
LEAF — AND TIGER FLOWER.

SIGNIFICATIONS: — *Love in Death* — *Warning* — *Forget me not* — *Separation* — *Trust in Providence* — *Sympathy* — *Coquetry* — *Promised Happiness* — *Disdain* — *Love at first sight* —  
*Power of Intellect* — *My pride shall protect me!*

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A FRAGRANT bunch of buds and flowers,  
I've culled for you to-day, sir;  
And hope, to cheer your summer hours,  
You'll read my simple lay, sir.  
With fair Perdita's winning art,  
In each a thought I twine, sir,  
And fain a moral would impart  
In each alternate line, sir.







And first, I've placed *The Water Star*,  
 Which tells of 'Love in death,' sir;  
 Then *Oleander*, — seen afar,  
 With 'warning' on its breath, sir;  
 The *Myosotis* whispers low,  
 Oh, pray 'forget me not,' sir;  
 While this fair *Trumpet Flower* would show  
 'The parted lover's lot,' sir;

The humble *Trefoil* next I've brought,  
 Of 'Trust in God' 't would speak, sir;  
 Then *Balm*, to all with promise fraught,  
 Who 'sympathy' would seek, sir;  
 The *Yellow Lily* next I place,  
 'A coquette gay is she,' sir;  
 And fair *Heliotrope*, whose grace  
 Means 'Happiness to be,' sir;

This stern *Carnation*, yellow, bright,  
 'Disdain' would here repeat, sir;  
 While *Coreopsis*, 'Love at sight,'  
 Your laughing eye would meet, sir;

The *Walnut Leaf*, so well defined,  
In language strong would tell, sir,  
'The power of Intellect,' and find  
Each heart admit its spell, sir;

The *Tiger Flower*, with haughty mien,  
Your arts would next deride, sir,  
For on her queenly brow is seen,  
'Protected by my pride,' sir;  
And thus a bunch of buds and flowers,  
I've culled for you to-day, sir;  
Accept, to cheer your idle hours,  
The Bouquet and its lay, sir!

THE WATER STAR-FLOWER.— '*Love in death,*' '*Trust.*'

This flower grows in low and marshy places, and abounds among the swamps of Florida. — I once saw one, which was gathered by a young officer, during the terrible campaign of '36, and sent in a letter to his mother.

THOU symbol Flower! whose star-like beauty glows.

Serene and pure, 'mid dread miasma's breath,  
And doth with touching tenderness disclose

The vivid sentiment of '*Love in death,*'  
Be to my heart a messenger, and bear  
Its gentle feelings to my mother dear!

Tell her the soldier's weary foot has brushed

Slowly, but surely, past thy modest charms,  
Sparing the fragile thing so lightly crushed,

To whisper quiet to her dread alarms;  
To breathe a hope when darkest dangers lower,  
And point a Christian moral, simple flower!

Tell her the hand that sheltered thee from harm,  
Surrounds her wanderer with its power supreme,  
And while the patriot's thoughts gush free and warm,  
Sweet emblem flower, beneath thy star-like gleam,  
A holier beauty to his soul hath given,  
With thoughts of her, — undying *trust* in Heaven.

OLEANDER. — '*Warning.*'

Often may a timely word, kindly spoken, prevent repentance.

THOUGH brighter eyes should woo thee  
 With hopes that might beguile  
 The grief that clingeth to thee,  
 And bid those sad lips smile  
 With mirth's delusive beam,  
 Which gleameth and is gone,  
 Like trusting youth's first dream,  
 Which leaves the heart *so lone!*

Though fairer lips should win thee,  
 In pleasure's haunts to rove;  
 Lighting the ray within thee,  
 With beams of earth-born love;  
 Though Beauty's self should lure thee,  
 To play the worldling's part,  
 Let one thought hover o'er thee,  
 An ægis to thy heart!

Let one light touch awaken  
Reflection's sacred power;  
The chord not rudely shaken  
Will in thy darkest hour  
Make music, which will lift  
Thy soul earth's cares above,  
And leave it still the gift,  
The boon of heavenly love —

A love which from the sky  
Calls wandering spirits back,  
With feelings pure and high  
To tread that starry track;  
Then wake, young dreamer! wake!  
That lofty flight pursue;  
All, all is on the stake,  
Or — misery in view!

MYOSOTIS. — '*Forget me not!*'

The prayer of every heart which has loved!

FORGET not — ah, forget not *me*,  
 When evening shades descend!  
 For then my thoughts still turn to thee,  
 My fondly cherished friend,  
 As in those days of guileless youth,  
 When this was deemed our test of truth.

And now the twilight never falls  
 Upon our dreary earth,  
 But to my heart it still recalls,  
 Those days of hope and mirth,  
 When filled with youth, and winged with glee,  
 Months flew like hours, to thee and me.



Ah, then in times of hope and gladness,  
In moments of despair,  
Amidst thy bosom's joy or sadness,  
In thought let me appear;  
An image of the past I'll be,  
And fondly breathe — *Forget not me!*

TRUMPET-FLOWER. — '*Separation.*'

To the separated who love, there are a thousand tongues, unheard by other ears, that whisper of the absent; and the low melodies of Nature, breathed upon the soul, speak to it of sympathy with the unseen but ever present object of its adoration.

'T IS PAST! and we no more may meet,  
For years, — perhaps, forever;  
But Memory's records, sad and sweet,  
Can lose their influence, never.

The treasured word — the cherished tone —  
The glance so dear — so kind —  
The thoughts, exchanged with thee alone,  
Can ne'er oblivion find.

Traditions of the Heart, concealed  
From all the world beside,  
By sympathy to thee revealed,  
Between us must abide.

Then blessings on thee, pure and bright,  
Still prays the faithful hearted,  
Whom still thy virtue's starry light  
Will guide, — though we are parted.

TREFOIL. — '*Trust in Providence.*'

There are moments in the life of every one, when doubt and disappointment brood darkly over the spirit; but the heart which has learned to hope, soon shakes off its despair, and turns with renewed trust to the promises of a Divine Revelation.

WHEN life is new, and gladness springs  
 Unbidden from its myriad strings,  
 We seldom, speculative, pause,  
 To trace the feeling to the cause,  
 But rush along our busy way,  
 Enjoying youth's unclouded day,  
 For which perchance no thanks arise,  
 To Him who reigns beyond the skies.

But let the sunshine be withdrawn,  
 And sadness shade the young heart's dawn;

Let sickness pale the roseate cheek,  
 And care its early lesson speak;  
 Let disappointment, like a pall,  
 Upon some fond hope darkly fall;  
 And, oh! how soon the heart will throw  
 Before His throne its first deep woe!

'Tis then the Christian's life begins;—  
 The struggle for the prize he wins,  
 Commences with the shock that first  
 Doth on Reflection's slumber burst;  
 And each rude blow thereafter given,  
 Uplifts the awakened soul to Heaven,  
 And bids it seek for comfort there,  
 In hope—in gratitude—in prayer.

And soon—when griefs come thickening fast,  
 Its anchor *there* 't will firmly cast,  
 A sure support, a prop to find,  
 When gloom or care subdue the mind;

Or who could bear the sad decay  
 Of friendship — withering day by day?  
 The ruined hopes? the blighted dreams?  
 The darkening of affection's beams,  
 Which hourly on life's lengthened path,  
 Are strewed like leaves by Winter's wrath,  
 Flung reckless on some cheerless way  
 Which once was bright, and fair, and gay?

Or when that pang, more keen than all,  
 On the fond breast is doomed to fall,  
 Bidding its inmost thrillings wake  
 To suffering, *for another's sake*;  
 When sorrow, with its mildew touch,  
 Has changed a face we cherished much;  
 And bowed beneath care's angry storm,  
 We see some prized and noble form;  
 Ah, then, we raise our thoughts above,  
 And ask in dread, — *Can God be love?*

Then darkness wraps us as a veil,  
The steadfast hope begins to fail,  
And startled by the doubt we turn,  
To see the lamp of Faith yet burn,  
High 'on the hills of promise,' where  
Its undimmed lustre shall appear—  
A beacon e'er, to reassure  
The true of heart—and we adore.



BALM. — '*Sympathy.*'

There is a charm in human sympathy which all must at some period have experienced ; woven in the moment of suffering, its influence remains unbroken through life.

Would that the Muse had power to steal,

Each trace of suffering from thy brow,

And bid thy heart less keenly feel

The agony that wrings it now !

Would that the sympathy of friends might be

A light to guide — a charm to solace thee !

Then would thy future glide along,

Serenely tranquil to the last ;

And still in conscious virtue strong,

Thy heart forget the mournful past,

Save, as a trial to that proud heart given,

Winning thee friends on earth, and hopes of

Heaven.

YELLOW LILY. — '*Coquetry*.'

I have little to say in palliation of the fashionable amusement of coquetry, though even that may serve to 'point a moral.'

GAUDY FLOWER! Gay Coquette!

Brilliant are the charms you wear;

Fairer seldom have been met,

Sooner few can disappear.

Gorgeous Flower! I like you not,

Changing with each passing breath,

Shortly to be quite forgot,

Sinking down in certain death.

But, e'en thou perchance may speak

A moral e'er thou leav'st the scene,

And Beauty's fair, but fading cheek

See itself in thee I ween!

Teach how swift the sure decay,  
Which leaves no simple trace behind,  
Steals all glittering charms away,  
Save those which grace the well-stored mind;  
Save the treasures of the heart,  
Youth has little e'er to boast;  
Wisdom, Virtue, ne'er depart  
Though Beauty's transient spell be lost;  
They still triumph, still engage  
Affection and respect in age.

HELIOTROPE. — '*Promised Happiness.*'

What happiness is so perfect as that produced by the constant presence of the person most dear to us.

*Cara mia!* Twilight falleth  
 O'er the earth in shadows deep,  
 While my spirit fondly calleth  
 Unto thine our tryst to keep,  
*Cara mia! Cara mia!*

*Cara mia!* Love exchangeth  
 Holiest vows at this dim hour,  
 Which, though far the true heart rangeth,  
 Bind it with a mystic power;  
*Cara mia! Cara mia!*

*Cara mia!* Daylight dieth;  
 Stars are gleaming in the sky;  
 Gently now the night-breeze sigheth,  
 Bearing each low word on high;  
*Cara mia! Cara mia!*

*Cara mia!* Sorrow cometh,  
 With the darkness o'er my heart,  
 Though assured where'er it roameth,  
 Love for thee can ne'er depart;  
*Cara mia! Cara mia!*

*Cara mia!* Night advanceth;  
 See, the moon has sought the West,  
 While upon the wave-top danceth,  
 Each pale beam that sinks to rest;  
*Cara mia! Cara mia!*

*Cara mia!* Dawn appeareth,  
And my bark is on the sea;  
Hark! the signal note thou heareth,  
Calls thy lover far from thee;  
*Cara mia! Cara mia!*

*Cara mia!* Hope entwinedeth,  
Buds of promise round my heart,  
From whose colors Faith defineth,  
Soon we'll meet, no more to part;  
*Cara mia! Cara mia!*

YELLOW CARNATION. — '*Disdain.*'

To feel that we can no longer confide in one whom we have loved and trusted, is most painful ; but when contempt for the individual is blended with our loss of respect for his character, the sentiment of Disdain, to which we yield, is one of the heart's most bitter trials.

AWAY! — I would not gaze upon  
 A form so bright and fair,  
 And feel my shrinking spirit shun  
 The being once so dear !

I may not court the bitter pain,  
 Which, looking on thy brow,  
 Would mingle with the high disdain,  
 My heart awards thee now.

Away! — away! — too well I've learned  
 Thy faithlessness to know,  
 And deeply mourned, though proudly spurned,  
 Thy falsehood — Lost one ! go !



COREOPSIS. — '*Love at first sight.*'

In spite of the ridicule so apt to be indulged at the mention of this possibility, it is a circumstance which, I at least believe, frequently occurs in life.

WHEN first I gazed upon that brow,  
 Where thought its impress strong had set,  
 I felt my haughty spirit bow  
 As though it had its masters met.

And when I marked thy kindling eye  
 Give forth its genius-flash of power,  
 My heart in one long deep-drawn sigh,  
 Proclaimed 't was captive from that hour.

WALNUT-LEAF. — ‘*The Power of Intellect.*’

A spell more frequently felt than understood!

HE was a man to worship, and to dread —  
 A being beautiful, mysterious — one  
 From whose fair brow all trace had early fled,  
 Of youth’s unheeding recklessness, while on  
 Its polished surface gleamed, as from a throne,  
 The power of Intellect, sublimely bright;  
 Repose and majesty were there, and shone  
 Serenely forth, with genius in its might.

His Eye was *living Light*, (a mirror true,)  
 In which the burning soul poured out its fire  
 In dazzling coruscations, as it threw  
 Its spell around him, — rousing strong desire  
 In all who saw to understand its glance  
 Of fascination strange, — and yet there shone  
 A look of gentleness, at times t’ entrance  
 The gazer’s soul, and fix it all his own!

THE TIGER FLOWER. — '*My pride shall protect me.*'

A woman's Pride, like the Ægis of Pallas, affords a powerful defence in the moment of need.

FAREWELL! ah, farewell! I can meet thee no more,  
Though my heart's dearest dream from this hour is  
o'er.

I have loved thee, have trusted, all fearless and free,  
My life's fondest hopes, my soul's welfare to thee,  
And believed thy bright spirit an angel of light,  
To guide me by day, and protect me by night;  
But, alas! the illusion so cherished is o'er;  
My pride has been roused, and I'll meet thee no  
more.

Farewell! ah, forever farewell to the thought,  
Which awoke in my soul as thy loved tones I  
caught;

I knew not, I felt not, what danger was nigh,  
As I hung all entranced on the glance of thine eye;

But believed that the bright emanations of mind,  
Thus bewildering burst from the god thou enshrined,  
But alas ! the illusion so cherished is o'er ;  
My pride has been roused, and I'll meet thee no  
more.

Farewell ! ah, farewell ! though my spirit may droop,  
That its fond dream has fled, and in bitterness stoop  
To the dust for the fall of the idol it made,  
My pride and its purity naught shall degrade !  
I thought thee all perfect, as pure as the sun,  
And thy truth, and thy brightness, my wild worship  
won ;

But, alas ! the illusion so cherished is o'er ;  
My pride has been roused, and I'll meet thee no  
more.

## BOUQUET No. 8.

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BOUQUET FOR AUGUST, COMPOSED OF OATS — PASSION FLOWER — LOVE LIES BLEEDING — CYPRESS VINE — COLUMBINE — VERBENA — AMARANTH — PERIWINKLE — ALTHEA FRUTEX.

SIGNIFICATIONS: — *Witching Charm of Music — Religious Superstition — Disappointment — Hopeless Love — Mourning — Folly of delay — Sensibility — Forever thine — Sweet remembrances — Persuasion.*

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We read of 'the Loves of the Flowers' — Why not the Love of the Seasons?

## THE COURTSHIP OF AUTUMN AND SUMMER.

### AUTUMN.

'SUMMER! Sweet Summer, thy birds and flowers,  
Have gladdened the earth and sky;  
Thy breezes have sought the invalid's bowers,  
And cheered the drooping eye!







Thou hast kissed the cheek of beauty bright,  
 And wafted perfumes round her;  
 Hast breathed soft music to delight  
 And with fresh flow'rets crowned her!  
 To those who love, thou hast kindly given  
 Sweet hours to tell the tale,  
 And many a beautiful starlit even,  
 Hast heard fond vows prevail;  
 But, loveliest! thou hast reigned *alone*  
 Too long and gently here;  
 Stern Winter already has envious grown,  
 And will hither soon repair;  
 For, know, he is coming with hoary brow,  
 From the cold and stormy North;  
 In his train are Ice, and Frost, and Snow,  
 And Sleetstorms bursting forth' —

## SUMMER.

'But I have sunbeams to destroy,  
 And melt away his snow;  
 And will a thousand spells employ  
 My regal power to show;

O'er hills and vales my laughing flowers  
 Shall lift their lovely faces;  
 My singing birds, and blooming bowers,  
 Shall still retain their places;  
 My butterflies and humming bees  
 Shall tease and thwart him ever;  
 I'll crowd fresh leaflets on my trees,  
 And let him rest — oh, never!

## AUTUMN.

'It will not, Love! it will not do;  
 Not e'en *thy* smiles and blushes,  
 A respite from his rage may woo,  
 Which like his own wind rushes!  
 Then fly with me! oh, fly with me,  
 Far from his wrath and rudeness,  
 To seek some brighter clime, and be  
 Again all joy and goodness!'

## SUMMER.

'And leave the scenes I love so well?  
 And all I've nourished here?

And break my light and gladsome spell,  
 From things so passing dear?  
 From Lover's lips? and Beauty's eyes?  
 And hearts of frolic childhood?  
 The gentle breeze? The starry skies?  
 Calm sea? and gay, green wildwood?  
 Oh, no! oh, no! it must not be,  
 Autumn! I may not go with thee.'

## AUTUMN.

'Nay, dearest, 'tis but for a time  
 Thou 'lt leave these cherished things,  
 While Winter, from his northern clime,  
 O'er earth his horrors flings;  
 For come he must, and come he will;  
 Then, let us haste away;  
 Thou shalt return, sweet Summer, still,  
 And still assert thy sway.'

## SUMMER.

'But must I leave, so fresh and bright,  
 All that has yielded me delight?

The glorious flowers that yet remain,  
 To deck the valley, hill, and plain?  
 The ripening *Oats*, whose sighing tells  
 "Of Music's sweetly witching spells?"  
 The holy *Passion Flower*, which bloomed  
*First* when the Saviour was entombed,  
 And would such deep devotion speak,  
 As seems like "Superstition" weak?  
*The Flower of Love that bleeding lies,*  
 "Like Hope, 'neath Disappointment's eyes?"  
 The sadly "mourning" *Cypress Vine*?  
 And fondly clinging *Columbine*,  
 That gaily still is heard to say,  
 Beware "the folly of delay?"  
 The bright *Verbena*, bending low,  
 Her "sensibility" to show?  
 While *Amaranth's* ("Forever thine,")  
 And *Periwinkle's* charms combine,  
 Of "sweet remembrances" to sing,  
 While thought reverts to early spring?  
 And, see, the bright *Althea* opes  
 Her blossoms to assure thy hopes,

For she "Persuasion's" power would prove,  
 And plead, like thee, the claims of Love;  
 Like thine, her gentle tones impart  
 A soft'ning influence to the heart;  
 For, even now, though loath to stay,  
 Thy voice prevails, and I delay!

## AUTUMN.

'Then, lovely Summer! do but now  
 Consent to be young Autumn's bride,  
 And he will banish from thy brow,  
 Its sadness with delight and pride;  
 A little while I'll linger yet,  
 Old Winter's triumph to prevent,  
 And rob the earth without regret,  
 Of all thy beauties — still intent  
 Upon thy happiness, I'll spread  
 A charm invisible around,  
 O'er every floweret's drooping head,  
 And every spot which thou hast crowned, —  
 That when thou com'st again they'll be  
 Prepared my blooming bride to see.'

A moment paused the beauteous maid,  
Then gently sighing, softly said,  
'I come!'—and hid her blushing face  
In Autumn's fervent, fond embrace!



OATS. — '*The witching Charm of Music.*'

The only idea that presents itself upon which to found an hypothesis rendering Oats symbolical of the effect of music, is found in the mythological fable of King Midas and the reeds. The wind sighing amidst its tall stems, breathes rich melodies to enchant the ear, and, in broken murmurs, tells the secrets of Nature to the soul.

I HAVE thought, as I gazed on thee, beautiful maid,  
That Earth never boasted a being so fair,  
And fancied some seraph from Heaven had strayed,  
Just to teach us what fair things are dwelling up  
there.

And, oh, I have thought, as thy voice I have heard,  
What music the tones of young seraphs impart,  
And have listened entranced to each half-murmured  
word,  
Which like wind over oats, swept the chords of  
my heart.



PASSION-FLOWER. — '*Religious superstition.*'

There are supernal influences known to every heart; they blend with its holiest affections, and tincture its purest aspirations; and the faith of the ancient Chaldean often mixes with the Christian's creed, when thinking of the absent and the dear. Hervey tells us, that the Passion Flower first bloomed on Mount Calvary, on the night of the Crucifixion; hence the superstition of the cross upon its corolla, &c.

THE stars — the beautiful stars are set,  
 Like gems in the midnight sky;  
 And I fancy that now our thoughts have met,  
 And together ascend on high;  
 That we both are watching with earnest gaze,  
 Their noiseless, ceaseless motion,  
 With feelings as pure as their own soft rays,  
 And hearts of deep devotion.

Then, as their glorious course I mark,  
And think of the sages old,  
Who deemed from their mysteries, strange and  
dark,  
Fate's web they could unfold;  
I blend their faith with the brighter creed,  
That lifts my soul above,  
While at the throne of grace I plead,  
For thee, my absent Love.

I ask, if those pure orbs of light  
An influence ever wield,  
That all of beautiful and bright,  
Which hope and fancy yield,  
May with their silvery beams descend,  
In blessings full and free,  
And through the unknown future blend  
Their holiest gifts for thee?

But as the wild dream of their power,  
Fades before Reason's ray,  
I raise my thoughts at this silent hour,  
To their *Source supreme*, and pray —  
That He who formed those stars of light,  
Thy Guardian e'er will be,  
And shed His bounties, pure and bright,  
Dear, worshipped one! o'er thee.

THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING. — '*Disappointment.*'

Ever since the time of O'Conner's child, this flower has been the emblem selected to express disappointed but faithful affection.

I SAID in the pride of my soul, when I felt  
The first disappointment my heart had e'er  
known,  
That the blow, so unkindly and recklessly dealt,  
Had crushed its emotions, and turned it to stone.  
Cast off, and betrayed, I awoke from the dream  
Which had bound me in faith and affection so  
long;  
My spirit was broken, no light shed its beam,  
To lessen the pang, or to soften the wrong.

Too proud to complain, I enfolded the grief  
 In my bosom, and, brooding o'er life's silent  
 stream,  
 I fancied 't would give to my anguish relief,  
 Could I turn from the past, to the future's bright  
 dream.

From the wrong I had suffered my spirit uprose —  
 A sceptic in love, but a Phoenix in pride.  
 Midst the fair things of earth, I would solace my  
 woes,  
 With love too would sport, and its power  
 deride.

Oh, rash was the vow, for the rose had its thorn,  
 Concealed in luxuriant foliage from view,  
 And the hand which had rifled its sweetness was  
 torn,  
 As it dared to intrude where the bright flower  
 grew!

That rose was a *Spirit*, which often before  
 Had appeared to my visions in forms ever new,  
 Like 'a star' it had brightened the darkness of  
     yore,  
 And like Hope, or like Gladness, its presence I  
     knew.

Like 'a dream' it had come in the silence of night,  
 When my heart was care-laden, and sleepless  
     mine eyes,  
 And the charm it imparted had soon put to flight  
 Every thought, but the glad ones that e'er with it  
     rise ;  
 Oh, Dream of my Life ! Brightest Rose of my  
     heart !

More cherished than all of earth's blessings be-  
     side,  
 Unchanged be thy graces, may no care impart  
 Its blight to thy beauty — its chill to thy pride !

Shine on, like a star in the heaven above me,  
And still let me gaze all unchecked on thy beams;  
On — on be thy course — pause not even to love  
me,  
But shed thy mild lustre still over my dreams.  
On — on be thy progress through Fame's brilliant  
track,  
Still higher and higher thine object pursue —  
Lift thy thoughts ever upwards, nor turn to look  
back,  
But rise in thy might to thy purposes true.



CYPRESS VINE. — '*Mourning,*' '*Sad Thoughts!*'

When disappointment or sorrow has pressed too rudely upon our hopes, the mind, depressed and sad, is apt to give expression to its emotions in mournful language and melancholy strains.

PASS on, swift Time! and bear along  
 My days of youth and my dreams of joy;  
 Pass on! the light that gilds my song,  
 Thy flight will darken and destroy;  
 Yet pass, relentless power! and bear  
 My spirit from this world of care.

Pass on! thou takest my hopes away,  
 And leavest sorrow's sting instead;  
 Pass on! life's dearest charms decay  
 Upon thy stream, and soon lie dead;  
 Yet pass! and bear upon thy tide  
 The wreck of power — the boast of pride.

Pass on! thou carriest on thy breast

All that has cheered my happy hours;

Pass on! thou'lt bear me too to rest,

In better realms and fairer bowers;

Then pass, in thy triumph swift and gay

And bear me from the world away!

COLUMBINE. — ‘*The folly of delay.*’

Procrastination has been well defined as the ‘thief of Time,’ for that which is delayed from day to day is too frequently neglected altogether.

OH! it is strange how man will dream,  
 Of coming years, — of joy, and fame,  
 That speak of glory’s distant beam, —  
 Encircling with its light his name, —  
 And tell of pleasures yet to be,  
 Hid in a dim futurity; —

Will wile his present hours away,  
 In useless indolence and ease,  
 Still whispering to himself, ‘A day  
 Of brighter joys and hopes than these  
 Upon my life will yet arise,  
 And yield what now stern fate denies;’

'Tis wonderful, how oft is shown  
 Unfaithful Hope's futility!  
 The warning record still is thrown  
 To darkened eyes that will not see.  
 To ears where adder deafness dwells,  
 How vain, oh, Time! thy solemn knells!

'Tis sad — 't is fearful — thus to see  
 Age loitering through life's little span,  
 And mark the imbecility  
 Of God's most perfect creature — *man*, —  
 In heedless youth his brightest powers  
 Wasting away like summer flowers!

'Tis worse than sad! for he *should* know  
 Time's fleetest pinion e'er is spread,  
 And that the pride, the hope, the woe,  
 The joy, which have their influence shed  
 Upon his life, and checked its stream,  
 Are borne along its course — *a dream*!

Ah! he *should* know, for all things teach  
The mournful, moral, startling truth;  
The ruined pile — pale floweret — each  
Alike proclaims departed youth!  
And man should learn from their decay  
How his own life-sands drop away!

Yes! he should take the lesson home,  
Throughout creation sternly taught,  
Nor let the daily warning come  
Unhallowed still by act and thought.  
A little while, — how long, alas!  
He knows not, — and *his time will pass.*

VERBENA — '*Sensibility.*'

Excessive sensibility is as painful to witness, in some of its manifestations, as it is difficult to restrain or conquer.

THE changing cheek, and tearful eye,  
The half breathed word, and frequent sigh;  
The voice, whose trembling cadence falls,  
Like music which some dream recalls;  
The startled manner which we find,  
With gentleness full oft combined;  
Proclaim, amid their dark revealings,  
A heart o'ercharged with tender feelings!

AMARANTH. — '*Forever thine.*'

It would be impossible to feel this sentiment for one on whose reciprocal attachment we could not depend with certainty.

LET me be first, as thou art first,  
In every thought and wish of mine,  
And Sorrow's darkest storms may burst,  
And Care her poisonous tendrils twine  
Upon thy head — around thy brow —  
And Friendship break its holiest vow,  
And all life's sufferings combine,  
To bid thy tortured spirit bow;  
But faithful to the ruined shrine,  
My heart will cling — forever thine.



PERIWINKLE. — '*Sweet Remembrances.*'

Few spells have greater potency in cheering the wearied spirit  
than the tender recollections of our early home.

WITHIN her quiet bower  
A lady sat alone,  
At the gentle twilight hour,  
When memory mounts her throne;  
And the citron buds then flinging  
Their odors on the air,  
To her musing thoughts were bringing  
Her early home, so dear.

She dreamed of those who dwelt,  
Its treasured scenes among,  
Till all she there had felt,  
To Memory's harp-strings sprung;

And tones came wildly rushing  
From the Hyacinth's drooping bell,  
Like gentle streamlets gushing,  
Of other days to tell.

Her mother's voice was there,  
As it soothed her infant hours,  
And its notes so soft and clear,  
Breathed from her cherished flowers;  
Her sisters' virtues blending,  
In many a mystic wreath;  
Their loveliness seemed lending  
To evening's perfumed breath.

Loved forms and precious faces,  
Which blessed her far off home,  
In all their pictured graces,  
At Memory's call had come;

And joyous tones were ringing,  
 To her heart so long unheard  
 That they seemed the sweet wild singing  
 Of Summer's first glad bird.

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ALTHEA FRUTEX. — '*Persuasion*.

Earnestness and affection are powerfully persuasive from the lips  
 that are dear to us.

WITH orange blossoms in her hair,  
 The blushing maiden stood,  
 Mid friends beloved and bride's-maids fair,  
 While he, the pure and good,  
 In sacred vestments was arrayed,  
 To bind for life that freeborn maid;

And their was one, with noble brow  
And laughing eye, beside  
The gentle girl, to hear her vow,  
And claim her as his bride,  
Who proudly on his hand displayed  
The ring which was to bind the maid.

It met her eye, and, quick as thought,  
Life's chequered scene appears  
Before her mind; that gem has taught  
Of future hopes and fears, —  
Emotions not to be portrayed,  
Now fast assailed the trembling maid!

‘What! give up all? each act? each hope?  
Each impulse, wild and free?  
The power with life's stern scenes to cope,  
Or bear them silently?  
Give up my every thought?’ she said,  
And paused in doubt; ah, hapless maid!

But, ah! the youth was practised well

In Cupid's every wile,

And promptly at her feet he fell,

And whispered with a smile,—

‘Listen! and be the forfeit paid;

Oh, listen to my suit, sweet maid!’

‘A seeming bondage thine must be—

The real is my own;

Queen of my hopes and destiny!

I live for thee alone!

Trust this fond heart—be not afraid—

But give me love for love, dear maid!’

E'er since ‘the tempter’ crossed Eve's path,

And sweetly on her smiled,

Has woman, with her easy faith,

By flattery been beguiled!

That look, those words of love, betrayed,

And won again the trusting maid.

She placed her hand upon his brow,  
She looked into his eyes,  
She heard his deep impassioned vow,  
And felt new hopes arise ;  
Then hand and heart together laid  
In willing bondage ;— silly maid !



## BOUQUET No. 9.

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BOUQUET FOR SEPTEMBER, COMPOSED OF THE SUNFLOWER—ZINNIA—LARK-  
SPUR—COLTSFOOT—SWEET BRIAR—AND BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

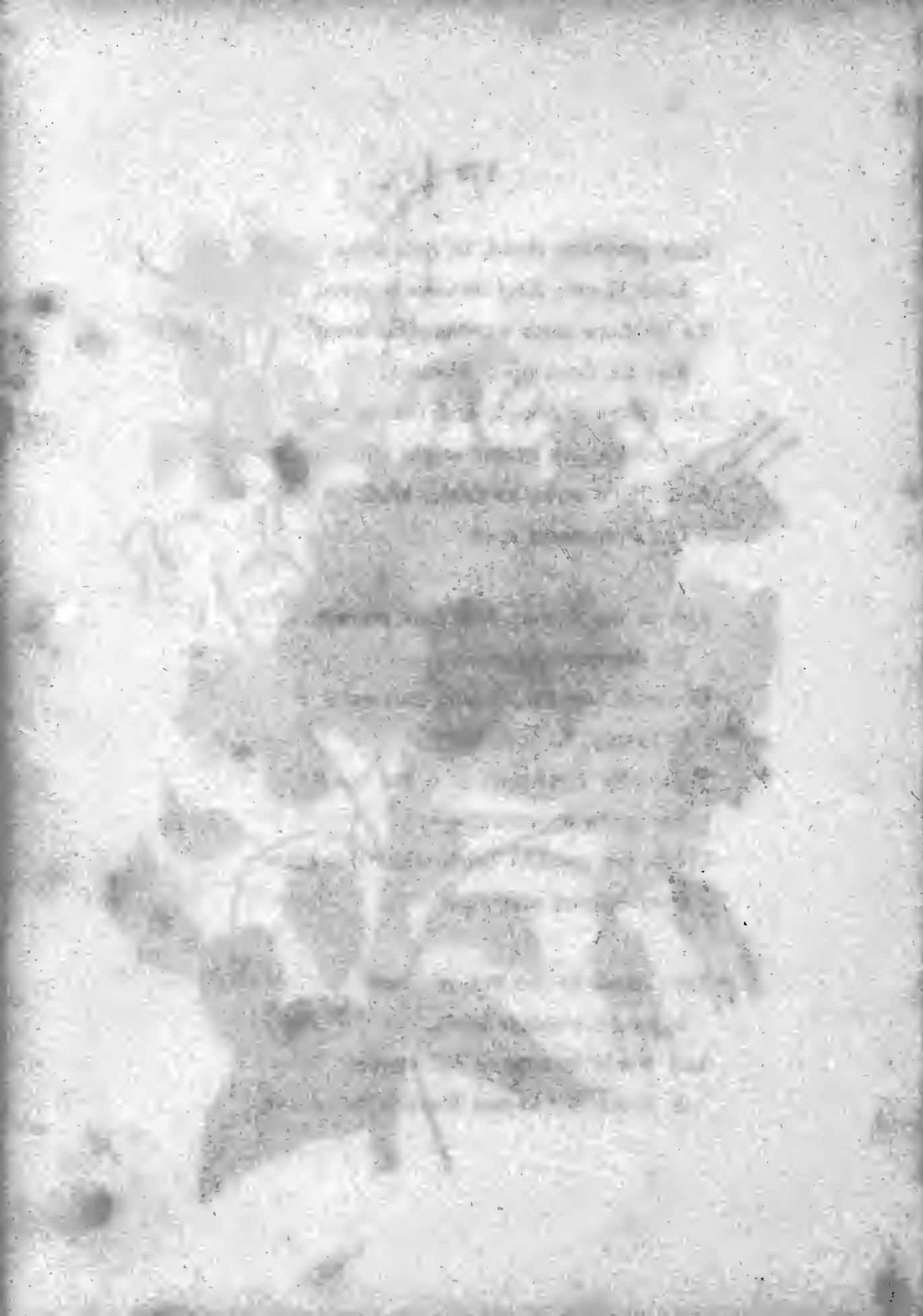
SIGNIFICATIONS:—*Lofty and Pure Thoughts—Absent Friends—Conscious Attachment—  
Maternal Love—Poetry—I with the morning's love have oft made sport.*

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SEPTEMBER, with her varied hues,  
Has touched the earth and sky,  
Whose changing charms the pleased eye views,  
As each floats slowly by;  
For if we scan her lessons right,  
Kind teachings we may find,  
To soothe the heart, and yield a light,  
To guide the darkened mind.







Each gorgeous cloud, in rich array,  
 Like Hope's fond dreams is given,  
 To lift from earth our thoughts away,  
 And fix them upon Heaven;  
 The drooping bough, and fading leaf,  
 Of Joy's gay beams might tell,  
 As brilliant once, as fickle, brief,  
 Her evanescent spell.

And in the flowers that now remain,  
 To decorate the earth,  
 We read how futile, cold, and vain,  
 Is beauty, without worth!  
 The lordly *Sunflower*, who has caught  
 Her god's approving eye,  
 Uplifts her graceful head, with 'thought  
 Forever pure and high.'

The *Zinnia* to the true of heart  
 A precious solace lends,  
 And would in accents soft impart  
 A dream of 'Absent Friends!'

The *Larkspur*, with a blush and smile,  
 Her secret whispering low, —  
 ‘Conscious Attachment,’ — may beguile  
 The heart of many a woe.

The *Coltsfoot* breathes a tender prayer,  
 Her deathless power to prove,  
 And gently murmurs in the ear  
 Her spell — ‘Maternal Love!’  
 The *Sweet Briar* next — dear Eglantine!  
 Her glorious gift would bring,  
 And ‘Poesy’s bright offerings’ twine  
 O’er grief’s corroding sting.

And here, — defying every rhyme  
 That poet ever thought on, —  
 We find at this drear Autumn time,  
 The *Bachelor’s lone Button!*  
 Which tells how ‘with the morning’s love’  
 Its reckless owner sported,  
 Till doomed in later life to prove  
 His heartlessness retorted!

And thus we find the humblest things  
A lesson may impart,  
May cheer the mind, and touch the strings  
Of feeling in the heart.  
Then never from a simple flower  
Turn carelessly aside —  
For know there dwells in each a power,  
To Wisdom's self allied.

SUNFLOWER. — '*Lofty and Pure Thoughts.*'

As the heart which is true to its instincts, still finds happiness in watching over those it loves, and promoting their enjoyments, the Helianthus ever turns to the sun ; this flower is offered, through the symbolical worship of Peru, yearly upon her altars.

OH ! could I quit this world, and fly  
 To yonder orient realms of light,  
 I'd soar beyond the calm blue sky,  
 And dwell where stars, forever bright,  
 Diffuse their glorious lustre round,  
 From heaven's high arch, to earth's far bound.

I'd seek some planet for my home,  
 Than all the rest more brilliant far,  
 Where none but spirits pure might come,  
 And reign the queen of that fair star ;  
 Watch o'er the friends who linger here,  
 And dwell their guardian angel there.

ZINNIA. — '*Absent Friends.*'

Every one has felt the absence of friends, and experienced the heart-sickness that steals upon us at twilight, while memory brings forward the forms and faces of those who are afar.

GUIDED by Memory's magic power,  
 Or led by Hope's delusive star,  
 Fond Fancy loves at evening hour  
 With a free wing to range afar;  
 To by-gone times and scenes, away  
 She captive bears the willing mind,  
 Or paints some happier, future day,  
 Leaving realities behind,  
 And each wild vision fondly lends  
 To view, the forms of *absent friends*.

How doth the wanderer's bosom swell,  
 When such dreams light the lonely scene,  
 Recalling those he loves so well,  
 Though mountains—oceans—rise between;



When only strangers wake around,  
How sweetly such dear visions come,  
In Fancy's mystic circlet bound,  
Full of the charms of home! — sweet home!  
Thus Hope with Memory ever blends,  
To trace the forms of *absent friends*.

LARKSPUR. — '*Conscious Attachment.*'

When true attachment really exists, the presence of the object will be understood without the aid of sight or sound.

It does not need that I should hear  
That deep-toned voice in accents sweet,  
My conscious heart to tell thou 'rt near,  
And bid each pulse with rapture beat;

It does not need thine eyes should pour  
Their kindling radiance into mine, —  
To bid my spirit feel —adore —  
An influence words may not define.

COLTSFOOT. — '*Maternal Love.*'

It is generally supposed that the love of a mother for her child increases, when death, by depriving it of the paternal support, throws it more entirely upon her tenderness and protection.

My rose-lipped girl! my laughing child,  
Thy brilliant spirits glad my heart;  
And oft sad hours have been beguiled,  
By the sweet thoughts thy smiles impart.  
They came across my drooping soul,  
As odors from Molucca's Isles  
Are wafted o'er the waves that roll  
Round them, dimpling like thy smiles.  
To cheer my widowed thoughts they shine,  
With memories of departed days,  
When I have looked on smiles like thine,  
With youth's enthusiast, ardent gaze;

Ah, more ! — ah, more ! — Idolatry

Was in my heart, as in my eyes,  
And when I look, fair child, on thee,  
To those blest times remembrance flies.

I think of him, whose smiles as gay  
First kindled Love's undying light,  
And still at Memory's shrine I pay  
The heart's full tribute, pure and bright ;  
Then come, my laughing, bright-eyed girl,  
And cheer thy mother's lonely hours ;  
Those lips of rose, those teeth of pearl,  
And bright locks, like acacia flowers. —

Each, all, recall the joyous past,  
When youth, and hope, and love were mine,  
As one whose lot mid strangers cast,  
Delights in distant lands to twine  
Visions of Home — forever found  
To soothe his care, to cheer, and bless ;  
Thou, with thy father's graces crowned,  
Still bringest back lost happiness.

EGLANTINE, OR SWEET BRIAR. — '*Poetry.*'

It is the province of Poetry to elevate and refine the mind, to soften and purify the heart, and to shed a halo over the rude realities of life.

THE perfume of the leaf,  
The soft tints of the flower,  
Are symbols—one of grief,  
And one of beauty's power;  
The fragrance which endures,  
When all of green is gone,  
Is Sorrow's gift, which pours  
Its tribute long and lone.  
The tender, touching hue,  
That asks a smile from all,  
Scarce bursts upon the view,  
Before the flow'rets fall;

These blended emblems seem  
 True types of Poesy,  
 For many a changeful theme,  
 Clio! belongs to thee.  
 The fair, the good, the sad,  
 Alike thy lays inspire;  
 In glowing numbers clad,  
 Each thrills us from thy lyre!  
 Oh, blessed boon of heaven,  
 Sweet Poesy! impart  
*To me* the skill that's given,  
 To touch the generous heart, —  
 Rich melody to pour,  
 O'er bosoms that I love,  
 Awakening thoughts that soar,  
 Earth's darker scenes above;  
 And when, life's struggles done,  
 My spirit-flight I wing,  
 Oh, be this favor won —  
 Thy strains in heaven to sing!

BACHELOR'S BUTTON. — '*I with the morning's love  
have oft made sport.*'

There are few pictures more painful to contemplate than that of a solitary old age. Gray hairs should ever be relieved by sunny ringlets, and wrinkles lose half their gloom when contrasted by young faces. Childhood and Age always group well together.

In the bright days of youth, when emotion was new,  
And each impulse, though fleeting, was fervent and  
true,  
I laughed at the dreams which wild Fantasy wove,  
And scoffed at her visions of beauty and love.

In the prime of my manhood, I banished with care,  
All thought of dear wedlock as fraught with a snare,  
And sought in ambition, or wealth, to ensure,  
The charms which I deemed would forever endure.



And now, in the shadow of life's thorny way,  
With feelings all wasted, and health in decay,  
I sigh for the days and the hopes that are gone,  
And lament o'er my folly, all sad and alone.

# BOUQUET No. 10.

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BOUQUET FOR OCTOBER, COMPOSED OF MOTHERWORT — HYDRANGEA — DAHLIA  
CHINA ASTER.

SIGNIFICATIONS: — *Concealed Feelings* — *Contentment* — *Heartless Beauty* — ' *Woman's Heart,*' ' *Trust and Love.*'

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AUTUMNAL BLOSSOMS! drooping, scentless, pale,  
I watch you oft in evening's silent hour,  
When trembling, shrinking from the chilling gale  
Which sweeps above the leafless summer bower,  
Sighing a requiem o'er its beauties dead;  
Ye seem lamenting, bowing each crushed head,  
As this sad *Motherwort*, with noble pride,  
'The heart's deep feelings from the world would hide.





Yes, thou art welcome, Autumn! all thy changes,  
 From fitful gloom to sunny sky serene,  
 Thy starry vault, o'er which the charmed eye ranges,  
 Or clear, cold moonlight, touching every scene  
 With its peculiar sadness, are sweet things,  
 To which my spirit ever fondly clings.

There is a moral in the withered wreaths  
 And faded garlands that adorn thy bowers,  
 Each blighted shrub, chilled flower, or seared leaf,  
 breathes  
 Of parted days, and brighter by-gone hours,  
 Contrasting with the present dreary scene,  
 Spring's budding beauties, pleasures which *have been*,  
 That, like the fair *Hydrangea*, breathes around  
 The mental fragrance in 'Contentment' found.

Oh, Life! thy pageantry is thus portrayed;  
 A thousand emblems picture thee to view,  
 But never, till *Experience* has laid  
 On the young heart her wand, we deem them true;  
 Then, while yet smarting from the touch, we own  
 The phantoms faithless, from the sight withdrawn!

Friends who have loved us in the pleasant years  
 Of childhood, dead, or parted far away;  
 The seeming kind ones, whose deceiving tears  
 Flowed for a time, then left us for the gay;  
 The cold, the false; — all then to memory start,  
 And deeply trace their records on the heart;  
 For, like the *Dahlia*, 'heartless beauty's flower,'  
 We proved them worthless in *the trial hour*!

And those whom Destiny relentless sways  
 To seek afar stern labor's bright reward, —  
 Are they forgotten, when the mind surveys  
 Objects which thrilling touch each sacred chord  
 Of feeling to its source of sad and sweet,  
 Where mingling streams of grief and gladness meet?

Ah, no! for *them* shall memory twine her wreath  
 Of fadeless flowers, upon life's path to bloom,  
 Till true hearts breaking, calmly rest beneath  
 The gloom oblivious of the silent tomb!

Then, and then only, will the cherished dream,  
 Pursued for years, be lost with feeling's gleam;  
 Then will thy *China Aster* cease to prove  
 Of 'woman's heart' the type of trust and love!

Alas! there are not many lights that shed  
 Their brightening beams upon our sojourn here!  
 Yet some have lived to see the lustre fled,  
 From those which promised to burn long and clear,  
 But fainter, and more faint became, till all,  
 E'en hope seemed lost beneath affliction's pall.

Then may they not, worn bosoms such as these,  
 Find sad memorials in ten thousand things,  
 To symbol forth their history? Leafless trees!  
 Ye answer to my call. The bleak wind flings,  
 In Autumn's eve, a spell upon the heart,  
 From whose dark sympathy 'twere grief to part;  
 For Memory's lights rekindled 'neath its power,  
 Illume and soothe full many a future hour.



Yes! things inanimate may wake a sigh,  
When those in which humanity appears  
Attract no longer; and the care-dimmed eye,  
May find relief in gazing through its tears,  
On objects which we feel cannot inherit,  
Though doomed to fail, like us — *a deathless spirit.*

MOTHERWORT. — '*Concealed Feelings.*'

All have some cherished feeling which it would be painful to render public; some tender sorrow which would be profaned by the eye of indifference or curiosity.

WHERE the wizard power, to show  
 What may cause the tear to flow?  
 What may wake the passing sigh,  
 Pale the cheek, and dim the eye?  
 There are chords in many a breast,  
 Too sacred to be rudely pressed,  
 Which thrill to memory's touch alone,  
 Telling of happy moments gone.  
 A silly jest, a careless word,  
 A simple sound, a singing bird,  
 A falling leaf, the time of year, —  
 May wake the sigh, or start the tear!

Then, hallowed be the hidden feeling,  
Where the tear is softly stealing;  
Let no cold observance tell  
Where the limpid offering fell;  
To all it is not given to know  
The balm of comfort to bestow,  
Nor all have power to understand,  
Emotions, swelling o'er command;  
Mark not the sigh then, deep as low,  
Mark not the marbled cheek and brow,  
But let the tear in silence flow,  
O'er still remembered joy or wo;  
A bless'd relief, in mercy given, —  
A holy fount, whose spring is heaven.

HYDRANGEA.—‘*Contentment.*’

To be satisfied with our position in life, and to conform to the circumstances that encompass us, is surely the wisest policy, and the surest means to attain happiness. The stanzas below were addressed to one who asked the writer if she felt no desire for literary distinction.

WHY wouldst thou touch that string,

And wake the dream of other days?

Nay! let oblivion fling

A veil around, when thought essays  
Past feelings back to bring.

I am most happy now!

My mind, well schooled, at last has learned  
Each proud conceit to bow

Down to the quiet it once spurned;  
Then why that calm forego?

The cataract of thought,  
Which rushed along my troubled soul,  
Reason has wisely brought  
At length within her firm control;  
Experience has been bought.

Ambition, like a bird,  
Would softly fold her weary wings,  
And seldom now are heard  
Her notes by me, if still she sings  
The strain which erst she poured.

The tranquil, not the sad,  
Has wooed me from the dreams I loved;  
When in life's morning glad,  
With all her fairy scenes unproved,—  
Then dreams of fame I had.

But now my days glide on,  
Gently, in calm domestic life,  
Without one laurel won, —  
A simple unaspiring wife;  
All dreams of Fame are gone.

DAHLIA. — '*Heartless Beauty.*

Like a beautiful woman devoid of sensibility, is a flower without fragrance! One of Nature's anomalies, upon which, though we may look with admiration, we never desire to place it upon the bosom.

THOUGH Emily's loveliness rivals the rose,  
 And her manners, in grace, every flower that grows,  
 Though her form is all perfect and bright is her  
     mind,  
 And joy, hope, and youth, on her brow are en-  
     shrined;  
 Though words that are gentle and tones that are  
     sweet,  
 From her rich ruby lips, our senses still greet;  
 I ask not her notice, I shrink from her art,  
 For I know, though a beauty, she has not a heart.



CHINA ASTER. — '*Woman's Heart,*' '*Trust and Love.*'

Though woman's heart is often lightly caught, it is seldom long retained, except by the spells of Virtue and Intelligence.

FIRST take a feather, and lay it upon

The stream that is rippling by ;

With the current, behold! in a moment 't is gone,

Unimpressive and light as a sigh ;

Then take thee a clear and precious stone,

And on the same stream place it ;

Oh ! mark how the water on which it is thrown,

In its bosom will quickly encase it !

Or take a crystal, or stainless glass ;

With a crayon upon it then trace

A sentence, or line, and watch how 't will pass —

A breath will its beauty efface ;

Then take a diamond, as pure as 't is bright,  
And write some modest token ;  
Mid heat or cold, in shade, in light,  
'T will last till the crystal is broken.

And thus with the tablet of woman's pure heart,  
When the vain and the idle may try  
To leave their impressions, they swiftly depart,  
Like the feather, the scroll, and the sigh ;  
But once be inscribed on that tablet a name,  
And an image of genius and worth,  
Through the changes of life, it will still be the  
same,  
Till that heart is removed from the earth.





## BOUQUET No. 11.

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BOUQUET FOR NOVEMBER, COMPOSED OF CHRYSANTHEMUM — BOX-PLANT —  
SWEET PEA — VINE — VENUS' CAR.

SIGNIFICATIONS: — *'Fidelity' — Constant unto death — Appointed meeting — Clinging Affection*  
— *Fly and I follow thee in my thoughts.*

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NOVEMBER has come with her dark chilly days,  
When the sun hides his warmth, and withdraws his bright  
rays,  
While clouds drifting wildly the heavens about,  
Seem tossed like a soul on the billows of doubt;  
The earth looks so dreary, there's nought to invite  
The step that is free, or the heart that is light;

I gaze on the scene with a shudder, and turn  
 To the red-glowing hearth, where the bright faggots burn;  
 But I feel like a prisoner shut from the air,  
 And wish — how I wish! that dear summer was here;  
 I think of the glad birds, now far, far away,  
 Which sung, oh, so sweetly! each quick-passing day;  
 I think of the bees, and the butterflies, gone,  
 And feel my heart sink, for I'm sad and alone;  
 The sweet charm of sympathy, where shall I find,  
 To soothe my dark spirit, and brighten my mind?  
 My flowers are fading; the few that are left  
 Look sad as myself, of their friends all bereft;  
 But I'll bind up their beauties, and trim them with care;  
 Perhaps they may serve as a bouquet to wear;  
 Here's the *White Chrysanthemum*, Fidelity's flower,  
 Defies in its beauty the frost's blighting power;  
 While the *Box-plant*, so green, murmurs low as a breath  
 From the lips of the dying, 'still constant in death';  
 And a *Sweet Pea*, I wonder 't is blooming to-day,  
 But it asks for 'a meeting,' and I must obey;  
 And here this fair *Vine*, which seems clinging for life,  
 Just like the dependence expressed by a wife,



Whose visions unbroken, whose trust unbetrayed,  
'Still clings to the conquest her young beauty made;'  
While this pretty blossom, which Cupid has brought  
From the courts of his mother, reveals a sweet thought, —  
It is *Venus's Car*, and says, 'Fly where you will,  
In heart and in fancy I'll follow you still;'  
But, alas! there is nothing more left, and I turn  
Again to the hearth, where the bright faggots burn;  
Oh! dark is November, and sad are the hours,  
Uncheered by soft breezes, bright birds, and fresh flowers.



THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM. — '*Fidelity.*'

Addressed to a Chrysanthemum which remained blooming in a bed of ice, long after the cold had shattered the vase which had enclosed it.

FAIR gift of Friendship! and her ever bright  
 And faultless image! beautiful thou art,  
 In thy pure loveliness, thy robes of white,  
 Speaking a moral to the feeling heart;  
 Unscathed by heats, by wintry blasts unmoved,  
 Thy strength thus tested, and thy charms improved.

Emblem of Innocence! which, fearless, braves  
 Life's drearest scenes, its rudest storm derides,  
 And floats as calmly on o'er troubled waves,  
 As where the peaceful streamlet smoothly glides,—  
*Thou'rt* blooming now, as graceful and as fair  
 As other blossoms do when spring is here.

Symbol of Hope! still banishing the gloom

Hung o'er the mind by stern November's reign,  
Thou cheer'st the fancy by thy steady bloom,

With thoughts of Summer, and the fertile plain;  
Calling a thousand visions into play,  
With beauty teeming, bright as sunny May.

Type of a true and holy love, the same

Through every scene that crowds life's varied  
page,

'Mid grief, 'mid gladness, spell of every dream,

Tender in youth, and strong in feeble age,  
The peerless picture of a faithful wife,  
Thou bloom'st the fairest 'midst the *frosts* of life!

BOX-PLANT. — ‘ *Constant unto death.*

‘ Previous to the departure of Baron de Staël from Sweden, he was enamored of his second cousin, a beautiful young girl, whom he had promised to marry; but after the offers received by him from the Necker family, he wrote to inform her of the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, and that his union with a lady whom he did not love, would be the means of raising his family from poverty and obscurity. His cousin, without any other answer, returned his marriage promise, *stained with her tears*, and in seven weeks she was a corpse.

THE SWEDISH GIRL.

‘ *EVEN* to *pause* on such a thought!  
 How could it cross his mind!  
 Power thus *trafficked* for, and bought,  
 With happiness resigned!  
 And love like mine cast coldly by  
 At vain Ambition’s call!

My heart, be calm! why should I sigh?  
 Tears — tears — why will ye fall?  
 The Swedish girl should scorn to stand  
 Between him and his chosen land!

Ay, take thy bride, — the gifted one, —  
 And glory in her fame!  
 And when, pervading like the sun,  
*Her* genius lights *thy* name,  
 Forget amidst its dazzling rays,  
 How dim thine own appears,  
 Nor think upon the heartfelt praise,  
 Was thine in former years,  
 When mingling love, and hope, and pride,  
 With her now coldly thrown aside.

Ay, wed another — wed the great!  
 Gain wealth, but with it *care*!  
 Soon shalt thou feel its galling weight,  
 And mourn each glittering snare

That wiled thee from thy plighted vow,  
 From first and unfeigned love,  
 And bade thee to a *stranger* bow, —  
 A stranger's *bounty* prove!  
 Madness! that one so loved by *me*,  
 Should ever thus degraded be!

For *him* what could I not have borne!  
 What wo! what poverty!  
 And rich in love, have smiled with scorn,  
 When heartless wealth rolled by.  
 I would have urged him up the steep  
 Where hangs the noblest crown  
 Honor may gain or Virtue keep, —  
 An honest man's renown;  
 Soothed him when yielding to his toils,  
 And brightened each success with smiles!

Yet why thus linger o'er a dream,  
 That my fond spirit bound,  
 But left my soul no cheering beam,  
 To light the darkness round;  
 Well, be it so! — I may not speak  
 What stirs within my heart;  
 The fettered spirit soon will break,  
 Through all things, and depart;  
 Yet 't would be sweet again to bless  
 The object of past tenderness!

It may not be! I cannot ask  
 Earth's happiness for one  
 Who hath imposed the bitterest task  
 That woman's pride has done.  
 I'll curse not, though I may not bless  
 The idol of my youth,

But in my *wreck* of happiness  
Still prove unfaltering truth;  
And, blotted thus with tears, return  
The pledge I would, but cannot spurn.'

And such is woman's love! not even pride,  
That oft quells passion in its fiercest tide,  
This high-souled, injured, Swedish girl could save,  
For Spring wove garlands o'er her early grave.



SWEET PEA. — '*Appointed meeting, 'Improve the  
present.'*

As it is impossible to recall the past, or forsee the future with any degree of certainty, we should improve the present, which alone is ours.

HARK! the gentle sighing  
Of the midnight breeze,  
Like music softly dying  
Amid the citron trees,  
Whose fragrant blossoms falling,  
Like snow-flakes strew the ground,  
While fairy voices calling,  
Seem mingled with the sound.

The moon, her soft beams lending,  
Sheds beauty over all,  
In harmony thus blending,  
Beneath her silvery pall,

The tribute earth is sending,  
So varied, sweet, and rare,  
To greet the pure eyes bending  
From yonder starry sphere.

Then, wherefore are we wasting  
The moments that remain,  
When day with fleet step hasting,  
Will part us soon again?  
While Nature, homage paying,  
To the great Source of love,  
Reprovingly seems saying,  
'The present hour improve.'

THE MADEIRA VINE. — ‘*Clinging Affection.*’

This most tender and beautiful of vines lives through the coldest season, if sheltered, and sustained with kindness. I find no better illustration for its peculiar sensitiveness, than —

THE WIFE.

‘She flung her white arms round him — Thou art all that this poor heart can cling to.’

I COULD have stemmed misfortune’s tide,  
 And borne the rich one’s sneer,  
 Have braved the haughty glance of pride,  
 Nor shed a single tear;  
 I could have smiled on every blow,  
 From Life’s full quiver thrown,  
 While I might gaze on thee, and know  
 I should not be *alone* !

I could, *I think*, I could have brooked,  
 E'en for a time, that thou  
 Upon my fading face had'st looked,  
 With less of love than now;  
 For then I should at least have felt  
 The sweet hope still my own,  
 To win thee back, and whilst thou dwelt  
 On earth, not been *alone*!

But thus, to see from day to day,  
 Thy brightening eye and cheek,  
 And watch thy life-sands waste away,  
 Unnumbered, slowly, meek;  
 To meet thy look of tenderness,  
 And catch the feeble tone  
 Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,  
 And feel, I'll be *alone*!

To mark thy strength each hour decay,  
 And yet thy hopes grow stronger,  
 As filled with heavenward trust, they say,  
 'Earth may not claim thee longer;'

Nay, dearest! 't is too much, — this heart  
 Must break, when thou art gone;  
 It must not be — we may not part —  
 I could not live *alone!*

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VENUS'S CAR. — '*Fly! and I'll follow thee.*'

Affection still follows the object of its regard, through every  
 changing scene, that reality or imagination can present.

#### THE TRUE BALLAD OF THE WANDERER.

A MAIDEN in a Southern bower,  
 Of fragrant vines, and citron trees,  
 To charm the pensive twilight hour,  
 Flung wild her thoughts upon the breeze;

To Cupid's ear unconscious, telling,  
 The fitful dream her bosom swelling,  
 Till echo softly on it dwelling,  
 Revealed the urchin, bold and free,  
 Repeating thus her minstrelsy:

'Away! away! — by brook and fountain,  
 Where the wild deer wanders free,  
 O'er sloping dale, and swelling mountain,  
 Still my fancy follows thee;  
 Where the lake its bosom spreading,  
 Where the breeze its sweets is shedding,  
 Where thy buoyant steps are treading,  
 There — where'er the spot may be,  
 There my thoughts are following thee!

In the forest's dark recesses,  
 Where the fawn may fearless stray!  
 In the cave no sunbeam blesses,  
 With its first or parting ray;



Where the birds are blithely singing,  
 Where the flowers are gaily springing,  
 Where the bee its course is winging,  
 There, if there thou now may'st be,  
 Anxious thought is following thee!

In the lowly peasant's cot,  
 Quiet refuge of content;  
 In the sheltered, grass-grown spot,  
 Resting, when with travel spent,  
 Where the vine its tendrils curling,  
 Where the trees their boughs are furling,  
 Where the streamlet clear is purling,  
 There, if there thou now may'st be,  
 There my spirit follows thee!

In the city's busy mart,  
 Mingling with its restless crowd;  
 'Mid the miracles of art,  
 Classic pile, and column proud;



O'er the ancient ruin, sighing,  
 When the sun's last ray is dying,  
 Or to fashion's vortex flying,  
 Even there, if thou may'st be,  
 There my thoughts must follow thee!

In the revel—in the dance—  
 With the firm familiar friend—  
 Or, where Thespian arts entrance,  
 Making mirth and sadness blend;  
 Where the living pageant glowing,  
 O'er thy heart its spell is throwing,  
 Mimic life in '*alto*' showing,  
 There, beloved, if thou may'st be,  
 There, still there, I follow thee!

When the weary day is over,  
 And thine eyes in slumber close,  
 Still, oh! still, inconstant rover,  
 Do I charm thee to repose;

With the shades of night descending,  
With thy guardian spirits blending,  
To thy sleep sweet visions lending,  
There, e'en there, true love may be,  
There, and thus am I with thee !'

Months and seasons rolled away,  
And the maiden's cheek was pale ;  
When, as bloomed the buds of May,  
Cupid thus resumed the tale ;  
    ' Over land and sea returning,  
Wealth, and power, and beauty spurning,  
Love within his true heart burning,  
Comes the wanderer wild and free,  
Faithful maiden ! back to thee !'

## BOUQUET No. 12.

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BOUQUET FOR DECEMBER, COMPOSED OF YEW—HOLLY—COLORED CHRYSANTHEMUM—DEAD LEAVES—AND IVY.

SIGNIFICATIONS:— *Sorrow deeply rooted—Power of Imagination—Unceasing Love—Sadness—  
—and Friendship.*

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WHEN moments winged by happiness pass on,  
And hours of pleasure or of pain have gone;  
When days and weeks their rapid circuit run,  
And months had closed o'er toils they had begun,—  
We mark their progress with a careless sigh,  
And simply own the fact—that Time will fly!





But when the varying seasons glide away,  
 When Spring and Summer have withdrawn their sway,  
 And Autumn's gales, and Winter's storms depart,  
 The startling lesson touches every heart;  
 The fearful truth strikes home, — a year has fled, —  
 We pause, — look back, — and mark its course with dread! —

Its vast events we gather at a glance,  
 And wake in wonder from the spirit's trance;  
 Another bolt from Time's bent bow is hurled,  
 Another warning to the slumbering world.  
 Appaled we scan the fleeting scenes of life, —  
 'The past, — the future, — all is care and strife! —

Now thought springs up, and urges back the mind,  
 To pleasure's transient moments, left behind;  
 We weigh their worth against the general wo,  
 And own Earth's pageant but a fitful show;  
 With chastened hearts we raise to Heaven our eyes,  
 And the soul's anchor cast beyond the skies.



Then gaze within, and ask the wearied heart,  
How through the year it acted out its part?  
How much of goodness it to earth has given?  
How much of beauty offered up to heaven?  
What bright examples it has nobly wrought?  
And what high lessons to the worldling taught?

We turn to Fancy, from whose magic power,  
We oft find solace in some darkened hour,  
And ask what *she*, pervading as the sun,  
To cheer the lonely and the sad has done?  
And, lo! e'en now, at this drear time she stands,  
Her brightest treasures ever in her hands.

From the dark *Yew Tree*, which of 'sorrow' tells,  
She steals the venom of its poisoned spells,  
By placing it amid the *Holly* leaves,  
And scarlet berries, which her votary weaves,  
In garlands offered to the parting year,  
With sighs embalmed and sanctified by prayer.



The gay *Chrysanthemum* she fondly brings,  
 Of 'Love unceasing' to the year that sings;  
 She strews *Dead Leaves* in 'Sadness' on the shrine  
 That 'Friendship' covers with her *Ivy Vine*;  
 And thus, through life, with ready skill conceals,  
 The keenest anguish that the proud heart feels.

Dear though the theme, ah! wherefore longer cast  
 Our saddened vision back upon the past?  
 As o'er the relics of some cherished friend,  
 In mournful musing, pensively we bend,  
 Departing years no lighter tones inspire,  
 Than such, Melpomene, as wake *thy* lyre!

But other thoughts with budding youth appear,  
 And other feelings greet the opening year;  
 Then gay *Thalia* comes with joyous strain,  
 And faith, and peace, and gladness wake again;  
 Doubt flies the scene, as *Hope's* bright form appears,  
 With iris hues to paint our future years.

We turn exulting to those coming days,  
When promised joys will kindle sweeter lays,  
Nerve the worn spirit for the world's rude strife,  
And start refreshed on the path of life,  
Again to labor, speculate, and plan,  
And find how futile are the dreams of man.

YEW TREE. — '*Sorrow deeply rooted.*'

When sorrow has once become deeply seated in the mind, it is often difficult, if not impossible, to remove its traces ; every thought and every expression will be tinged by its sombre shades.

HAST ne'er beheld the rays of morning  
Shine o'er some wild flower fresh and fair,  
Their light, a golden veil, adorning,  
Its petals dancing in the air,  
Yet ere the evening shades descended,  
Some blast too rude that flower had torn,  
Leaving its parent stem unfriended,  
Desolate, ruined, and forlorn ?

If thou hast, to thee I need not tell  
Of a heart where hopes were glowing bright,  
And fairy visions were wont to dwell  
Till it met with Sorrow's withering blight.

For, alas ! that stem in its loneliness,  
 And the flowers around it widely strown,  
 Were but the symbols, as thou may'st guess,  
 Of a heart, and its ruined hopes — my own !

---

HOLLY. — '*Power of Imagination.*'

It is a custom in the country residences of the South, to decorate the dining rooms at Christmas, with Holly boughs ; the green leaves and scarlet berries of which present a striking and cheerful appearance.

THERE is an hour when memory brings  
 The treasured joys of bygone years,  
 The musing mind to soothe, and flings  
 A veil o'er all its present cares ;

A time when Hope her meteor blaze  
 Rekindles for our future hours,  
 And Fancy cheats the raptured gaze,  
 Life's pathway wreathing with her flowers ;

An hour when fairy forms appear,  
 To circle round us lovingly,  
 And tones long mute, though ever dear,  
 Float murmuring on each zephyr by.

Yes, there are times when every flower,  
 And every living creature teems  
 With holy spells ; when wakes a power,  
 To realize our wildest dreams.

Imagination's happy art,  
 Exerted o'er each thought and feeling,  
 Then sways the mind, and snares the heart,  
 By all of life's stern truths concealing.

COLORED CHRYSANTHEMUM. — '*Unceasing Love.*'

'Cease not to think of me.'

I COULD not hush that constant theme,  
Of hope and reverie ;  
For every day and nightly dream,  
Whose lights across my dark brain gleam,  
Is filled with thee !

I could not bid those visions spring  
Less frequently ;  
For each wild phantom which they bring,  
Moving along on Fancy's wing,  
But pictures thee !

I could not stem the vital source  
Of thought, or be  
Compelled to check its whelming force,  
As ever in its onward course  
It tells of thee!

I could not, dearest! thus control  
My destiny,  
Which bids each new sensation roll,  
Pure from its fountain in my soul,  
To life and thee.



DEAD LEAVES. — '*Sadness.*'

There is always something touching in a withered leaf; it tells of past verdure and beauty, and seems to whisper to the heart, of young life and bright hopes, which the frosts of sorrow have blighted and extinguished.

YE withered leaves! ye withered leaves!  
 To mark your premature decay,  
 With sympathy my bosom heaves,  
 For like its hopes ye passed away!  
 Like you they brightened in the gleam,  
 Of Summer's sweetly genial ray,  
 But brilliant, transient as a dream,  
 The Autumn found them in decay.

IVY. — '*Friendship.*'

Every one can talk of friendship, yet few seem to understand its obligations alike. Young and Byron have both attempted to describe this sentiment, yet who will affirm that either of them felt it?

THERE are a thousand nameless ties,  
 Which only such as feel them know;  
 Of kindred thoughts, deep sympathies,  
 And untold fancy spells, which throw  
 O'er ardent minds and faithful hearts,  
 A chain, whose charmed links so blend,  
 That the light circlet but imparts  
 Its force, in these fond words, — *my friend!*

It is a mystic wreath, which twines  
 Around two souls its tendrils bright,  
 Whose sacred, softest touch refines  
 And purifies; it is a light,

Which brightest shines on Life's dull stream,  
 And cheers our roughest voyage here,  
 Adds lustre to Hope's gilded dream,  
 And yields a solace to despair.

It is a compact, pure, high, holy,  
*Felt*, not expressed, yet deeply binding;  
 It charms the great, consoles the lowly,  
 And 'midst our saddest thoughts oft winding,  
 Its gentle influences will dispel,  
 Dark shadows from the brow of Care,  
 And conjure up from Memory's cell,  
 Fair images which linger there.

It is the covenant of souls, —  
 A heaven-inspired bond of feeling,  
 Which neither time nor place controls,  
 While even *absence*, all else stealing,

Leaves within minds of loftier mould,  
That radiant flame, enduring ever;  
Passion and Fancy, Hope grow cold,  
But heaven-born *Friendship* — never! never!

## LOVE'S GAME, OR THE BOUQUET.

How often may a silly game  
Betray a purpose deep,  
And Love which scarcely owned the name,  
Be by it roused from sleep!  
They met in Fancy's favorite bower,  
With hearts as free as air,  
Yet Cupid chose that very hour,  
To wing his arrows there.

A cherished bouquet, torn apart,  
The herald he selected,  
To fling a spell on either heart,  
And thus the plan effected.

*The Mountain Laurel* was displayed,  
As his most leading trait ;  
'Accept the *Hawthorn*,' said the maid,  
'And *hope* thou 'lt yet be great.'

'Nay, nay!' he cried, '*Ambition* springs  
To something more than fame ;  
This *Tulip*, gentle lady, sings  
The boon I dare not name ;'  
She read his meaning in the eyes  
Turned fondly to her own,  
And took the flower, while sweet surprise,  
Upon her flushed cheek shone.

The fair *Camellia* next he gave ;  
'My destiny I place  
Within thy hands ; ah, lady, save  
My hopes from dark disgrace !'

She spake not to his pleading look,  
 But turned her blushing cheek,  
 As from the scattered sprigs she took  
 The *Balm*, these words to speak —

‘If truth be thine — if manly faith  
 Within thy bosom glows,  
 This simple herb a meaning hath,  
 And *sympathy* bestows;  
 He seized the herb; the hand so fair  
 He pressed within his own,  
 Then placed the tell-tale *Cowslip* there,  
 To breathe in Love’s low tone;

‘One more, *but* one, before we close  
 This game to me so dear;  
 A hyacinth, a pink, a rose, —  
 One more, my lady fair!’



She gazed a moment half afraid

The sentiments to see ;

‘This *Arbor Vitæ*,’ said the maid,

‘Means “*You must live for me.*”’

The tale was told, — the game was o’er, —

Love’s secret all was known ;

They met as they ne’er met before,

For each a prize had drawn ;

They met, — and soon a bridal wreath

Adorned the lady’s brow,

While love glowed on the cheek beneath,

And laughs upon it now.

## POWER OF ASSOCIATION.

Lines addressed to a lady in return for some wild flowers, from the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, in Pere le Chaise.

WHAT were thy feelings, lady ! what the thought,  
 That swayed thy spirit as thou stood'st beside,  
 The famed mausoleum, where the world is taught  
 That bitter lesson to all human pride, —  
 That naught, however prized, or great, can save,  
 Though Immortality enshrine its grave ?

Oh ! did *thy* fancy, as mine would have done,  
 Call back to life again those mouldering forms, —  
 Giving to Heloise each grace that won,  
 Passion surviving all the spirit's storms,

Till every age, and every land hath given,  
 Pilgrims to *Pere le Chaise*, Love's flower-wreathed  
 path to heaven?

Didst thou recall those dark, impassioned eyes,  
 Where dazzling intellect with feeling strove?  
 That lofty brow, and lip which scorned disguise,  
 Smiling in rapture o'er the spells it wove?  
 And didst thou, then, while musing o'er her doom,  
 Shed one fond tear, upon her time-worn tomb?

Ah, well I know thy gentle soul o'erflowed,  
 With keenest sympathy her woes above;  
 For genuine Virtue never yet hath glowed,  
 Where no response was found to genuine love!  
 Such love, alas! as ne'er in woman's breast,  
 Meets aught but sadness, and a sweet unrest.

For e'en to Heloise what did it bring?

Worship most true from him her soul adored,  
The outward triumph, and the secret sting,

As low to heaven her spirit-grief she poured,  
Lamenting that *his* image still would start,  
Between the throne of mercy and her heart.

And *he*, the genius-gifted, the refined,

Whose soul-inspiring eloquence could move  
The coldest critic, warm the sternest mind, —

Oh! was *he* happy in this deep, strong love?  
Alas! alas! the records that remain  
Whisper of Passion, and a proud name's stain.

But what their sufferings were, or what their  
crime,

Is asked by none who linger at their tomb;

! Their loves, their names, are yet embalmed by Time,  
While o'er their grave the fragrant wild flowers  
bloom :

Sad, sacred emblems, from a hallowed shrine!

Ye wake strange fancies in a heart like mine.

THE PARTING WREATH. — *To Henrietta.*

THOU art going, and I feel  
A sadness o'er me steal,  
My proud heart would conceal,  
Amid its treasured blessings, deep, sacred and untold, —

But, gentle friend, and best,  
I cannot bear the test;  
It will not be repress;  
So the cherished grief to thee I cannot but unfold.

It rarely hath been mine,  
The mystic wreath to twine,  
On Love or Friendship's shrine,



Nor see the garland droop, and wither soon away ;  
 With me the fault may dwell,  
 But vanisheth the spell,  
 E'en while a secret well  
 Is springing in my heart, whose gush I cannot  
 stay ;

And its waters overflow,  
 Extinguishing the glow,  
 Leaving me but woe,  
 For the trust so full and free, my ardent spirit  
 gave ;

And, unlike Dodona's stream,  
 It yields, alas ! no beam,  
 Rekindling the sweet dream,  
 But darkly, stilly rolls, o'er ruined Feeling's grave.

For, when the flower-linked chain  
 Is rudely snapped in twain,  
 For *me* — ah, ne'er again,



Its tendrils twine together, its stems united bloom!

But, dearest, 't is not thus

The wreath has proved to us,

And its sweets I would discuss

E'er chance, or change, or care, hath wrought the  
dreaded doom.

Time, ever on the wing,

Hath summoned the fourth spring,

Its verdure round to fling,

Since in our hearts began those charmed buds to  
grow;

And in the scenes of mirth,

Which witnessed first their birth,

I've tried their dazzling worth,

And deemed the glittering blossoms had gem-like  
roots below.

In scenes of tranquil pleasure,

I've tried the weight to measure,

Of my talismanic treasure,

But in the balance wanting it never has been  
found;

And when Sorrow's lamp had shed,  
Its cold ray o'er my head,  
And Life's best hopes seemed fled,  
Its blossoms still were blowing, with their richest  
perfume crowned.

And now these priceless flowers,  
Nursed in some fairy's bowers,  
To form this wreath of ours,  
Will soon the blighting trial of absence undergo;  
Is it strange that I should mourn,  
When its stems apart are torn,  
And some afar are borne,  
To fill the air with fragrance, where other breezes  
blow?

But I feel thou 'lt *not* forget  
The scenes in which we've met,  
And I say with less regret,

Farewell! may angels guard thee on thy willing  
way;

To me, — oh, many a spell  
In memory's haunts will dwell,  
Thine imaged grace to tell,  
From morning's rosy dawn, to evening's twilight  
gray!

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CONSISTING OF

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ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE TWELVE MONTHS.

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